

Nobody Works on Christmas

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Will Your Job Leave Town?

BY W. H. B. SMITH

DEC. 1948

15c

THE AMERICAN

# LEGION

MAGAZINE



REG MASSIE





## IGHT FOR SURE EYES

It's a fact... men with a high "Eye-Q" are always on the lookout for Seagram's 7 Crown. A good way to be **SURE** of pre-war quality at its magnificent best.

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**FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS**

Vol. 45  
No. 6 THE AMERICAN

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# LEGION MAGAZINE



December 1948

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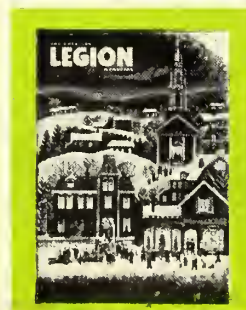
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Our cover is any old-style country village around Christmas time. Artist Reg Massie is from Chile, though of old U. S. stock. After fighting in the Union Army his grandpa sailed around the Horn for California, but put in at Chile and stayed there when the mainmast blew off. Reg was born there, but later came on to our West Coast. He worked in the Disney studios before the war, served three years in the Signal Corps, then came east, finally completing the round trip his grandpa started, 84 years and two generations later.

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### DELUXE DIRT

As any GI who made the long haul through North Africa will tell you, the ground there was never made for digging foxholes, latrines or any other kind of hole. Instead of shovels Uncle Samuel should have given us pneumatic drills.

By the time we had reached Hill 609 we had gotten so used to the granite-hard soil that it was a distinct shock when, upon being ordered to dig in, we found the earth almost like the sandy loam of the Carolinas. Even the simplest thing was deeply appreciated in those days and this was a gift out of the blue.

It took a lot of fighting and a lot of brave men's lives but Jerry was finally driven back and word came down to press our advantage to the utmost which meant keeping the enemy on the run. We were making ready to do just that when one of the boys nudged me. "Hey! Look at that!" He pointed to a private who was a dead ringer for that movie comic Sterling Holloway. There he was, on his hands and knees shoveling dirt into a barracks bag!

"What the hell is he doing?" I asked the Joe beside me.

The dough shrugged carelessly. "Beats me. Maybe buckin' for a Section Eight. Damn it, I hope he makes it!" and with that he slouched off.

I walked over to the shoveling GI. "Hey, fella, what's the idea?"

He paused in his digging momentarily and looked up with a foolish grin. "Well, Corp," he says, "this is the first soft soil I've run into since we landed in this godforsaken place and I'm taking some along with me to dig my next hole in!"

I don't know whether he got his Section Eight or not but with a story like that he sure deserved one.

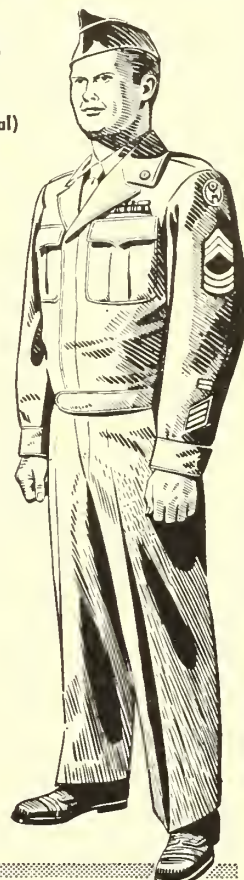
—BY MURRAY T. PRINGLE

## Compare YOUR job with M/Sgt. Jones

3310th Maintenance Squadron (Organizational)  
3310th Maintenance and Supply Group  
Scott Air Field Base, Illinois



You've been a civilian some time now. Maybe you're doing all right. But maybe you're one of the great majority having trouble making civilian income meet civilian outgo. Master Sergeant William B. Jones is one of the thousands who went back into the Army or Air Force. He now has nine years' service. The "Sarge" is doing O.K. To see exactly how well he's doing, compare your income with his base pay and longevity.



(Put your figures in blank spaces)

Monthly Pay Check

YOUR JOB M/SERGEANT'S JOB  
\$ \_\_\_\_\_ \$189.75

Monthly Expenses

Rent	\$ _____	Free*
Food	\$ _____	Free
Clothing	\$ _____	Free
Hospital Insurance	\$ _____	Free
Retirement Fund	\$ _____	Free

What's Left After Expenses

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ \$189.75

\*Where quarters are not available, first three graders get quarters allowance in addition to base pay.

The Sergeant has a good deal, hasn't he? You haven't seen the whole picture yet. Master Sergeant Jones never worries about layoffs or losing his job . . . enjoys 30 days' vacation with pay, every year . . . never loses pay due to illness . . . can retire in the prime of life, after 30 years, with

\$185.63 a month retirement income guaranteed.

How about it, Vet? Want to get set for life? Hustle down to the Army and Air Force recruiting office and see about the special deal that's waiting for veterans. You can get the facts without obligation.





## Now Available IN TWO DIFFERENT STYLES

Paratroopers . . . ex-paratroopers . . . sportsmen!!! Here are your boots. For duty, for dress, or for hunting, fishing, hiking and all kinds of outdoor use. The famous soft, comfortable and very rugged boots worn only by paratroopers during the war are now available in two styles . . . one military, the other, civilian . . . both similar in construction, design and high quality standards.

### Paratroop Jump Boots

The same boots worn by Paratroopers during war. Comes in tan elk finish. Not government surplus stock.



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Same features as Paratroop Jump boots, only made in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.

Send coupon below, enclosing check or money order for \$11.87. Pay postage on receiving boots. Specify size and widths and type wanted. Money back if not satisfied on receiving them.

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Name.....

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AL 1

## Previews OF PRODUCTS INVENTIONS IDEAS



*A sampling of products which  
are in process of development  
or are coming on the market.*

**LUMINOUS PAINT.** A new phosphorescent paint called Glo-Lite is now available for home use. The paint is made up of harmless pigments that act like millions of tiny storage batteries, absorbing sun or artificial light during the day. Once so charged, the paint glows all night in the dark. Glo-Lite can be used for identifying light switches, house numbers, door-bells or stairways. Can also be used for children's toys and play-rooms as well as decorations and party purposes. Set includes 3 bottles to be mixed and applied, and the retail price is \$1.00 from Baker Company, 737 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

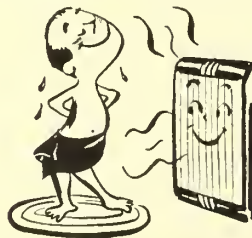


**SOMETHING SHARP FOR OUTDOORSMEN.** A versatile tool that does almost everything but catch your fish or game for you is the "7 in 1" Sportsman's Knife being offered by Conboy Craftsmen, Inc., Martin Building, Utica, N. Y. According to the manufacturer it's a knife, a leader or wire cutter, a fly trimmer, hook disgorging, fish scaler, skinning hook, long-nose pliers and sinker crimper. All this for \$3.98 postpaid.

**NEW SKI-TRAINER.** By hooking together a pair of skis, joining them in the front with a curved metal bar, Poloron Products, of New Rochelle, N. Y., has come up with an interesting item for ski addicts. The bar permits steering the skis and they can be braked by bearing down on a metallic cup that digs into the snow. The gadget, called a Sked, sells for \$13.95.



**HIGH-TONED KNOCKER.** An ingenious door knocker has been announced which combines the authentic appearance of a colonial knocker with the modern wrinkle of door chimes. Easily installed, it requires no electrical equipment or wiring to make it work. The gadget is mechanically operated. When the knocker is raised it actuates a simple mechanism in the ivory-colored chime box which is easily mounted inside the door, requiring only one small hole. Called Authotone Chimes, the gadget is made by Auth Electric Company, 34-20 45th Street, Long Island City, N. Y., and sells for \$6.50. Another type, which has a pushbutton instead of a knocker, sells for \$4.95.



**THE BIRTH OF A NEW SUN!** With that dramatic phrase, the Continental Radiant Glass Heat Corporation, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., announces a new heating unit which has several distinctive features. It consists of a glass panel, 16 by 24 inches, set in a metal frame which can be mounted in any wall. By plugging this unit into your electric system you get enough heat for a room of 1400 cubic feet. The heat is given off by an aluminum element fused into the tempered glass which produces infra-red rays, said to make you as comfortable at 68 degrees as you'd be at 72 degrees with ordinary heat. The temperature is thermostatically controlled. Cost of the heat is said to be economical, though actual cost depends on the price of electricity where it is used. Each panel's capacity is 1,000 watts, and it draws 9 amperes on 110 volts. The heating unit sells for \$45.00.

**FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE.** A new safety device for Christmas tree lights has been introduced for the coming holiday season by Miller Electric Company of Pawtucket, R. I., in the form of a flexible plastic clip which keeps metallic tinsel decorations from coming in contact with metal parts of the light socket. In addition to minimizing the fire hazard, the new Plastic-Klips make it easy to trim the tree. The clips slip over the branches and keep the lights where they are placed. The Plastic-Klips are being used with sets of incandescent or fluorescent bulbs manufactured by Sylvania Electric Products, Inc. There are seven lights to a set and the retail price of the incandescent set is \$3.00 and the fluorescent is \$4.95.



**FOR A MUSICAL CHRISTMAS.** Two inexpensive children's accordions, which use only 18 instead of the 186 components in comparable foreign instruments, are being made by the Magnus Harmonica Corporation, 439 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J. Made of Bakelite styrene, the accordions sell for \$1.69 and \$3.95. The smaller model plays a scale and a half, with six keys regulating the tone of 12 reeds. The larger instrument has ten keys covering 20 reeds. The reeds conform to the extremely precise tolerance of .0001 of an inch, and are said to be in perfect tune as they emerge from the injection mold, requiring no finishing or hand-tuning.



**LESS WORK FOR MOTHER DEPT.** Defrosting becomes a painless operation with a new gadget called the De-Frost Automatic Refrigerator Defroster being made by the Automatic Controls Corporation, Ann Arbor, Mich. The device is a compact, tamper-proof unit which is plugged into a socket and the refrigerator in turn is plugged into the unit. A built-in Telechron movement turns off the refrigerator every night and turns it on again when the daily accumulation of ice has been removed. List price of the De-Frost is \$12.95 F.O.B. factory.

**INEXPENSIVE SLIDE RULE.** A pocket slide rule costing only 39¢ is being manufactured by Plastiline Products Company, 32 Central Avenue, Pawtucket, R. I. Like its more expensive counterparts, this Vinylite slide rule quickly solves problems involving multiplication, division, proportion, squares, square roots, cube and cube root. The rule consists of three parts, the rule proper or body containing the A and D scales; the slide containing scales B and C; and the indicator, with a hairline in the center. Scales C and D are used in multiplication, division and their combinations. Scales A and D are used for squaring and for finding the square roots of numbers. The scale, printed directly on the planished surface, is extremely accurate due to the dimensional stability of the plastic.



**INSIDE STUFF.** To read the papers you'd think that scientists, inventors and such spend all their time on nuclear fission, electronics, etc. This column's mail proves otherwise. Most of this country's brain-power isn't chugging away on atoms and anodes, but is hitched up to solve your little home problems. We're hearing about it all the time.

For instance, we never knew till yesterday that shoe-shining is a reason for divorce. It seems that a woman always says "!!@#\*!@" when her husband shines his shoes on the bathtub. At least that's what we were told by a fellow who signs himself Casey.

Anyway, this terrible state of affairs made Casey and two other guys think. They finally found a solution by inventing a device which posterity will probably call a shoe-shine box. This ingenious contraption resembles a wooden box but it has a handle. If you want, you can sit on the handle as you shine your shoes. And inside the box you can stow polish, rags, etc., so your wife won't go around saying "!!@#\*!@" All this you get for "under two dollars." How much under, Casey doesn't say. Our guess is, not much.

That brings up another point. Many inventors and manufacturers are very coy when it comes to money, possibly because they don't like the stuff. A typical publicity handout describing a new chromium-plated widget can (and often does) run to several pages, but if you want to find out how much the widget costs you have to write or wire the manufacturer. If certain public relations counsel have been wondering why we haven't been mentioning their stuff, this could be the reason. It's one, anyway.

For still another reason you are going to be kept in the dark about a wonderful gadget—a comb which would permit Legionnaires to wave and curl their own hair. The manufacturer in this case even told us how much his combs cost. But he also sent us photostats showing how other publications had described his comb more than a year ago. If any of our readers want to know about this comb, one reference we can give is the Chicago Sun, September 27, 1947.

But anyway, to the comb man, the shoe-shine box man and even to the press agents who represent old things as new, a Merry Christmas.

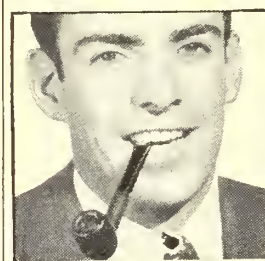


*When writing to manufacturers concerning items mentioned here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine.*

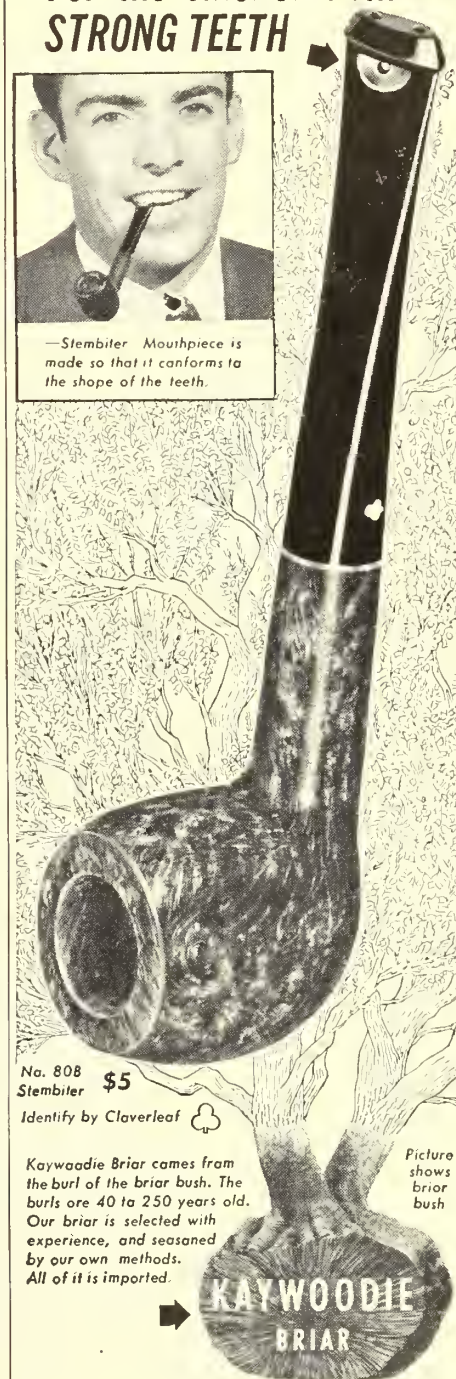
# NEW STEMBITER KAYWOODIE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For the smoker with  
**STRONG TEETH**



—Stembiter Mouthpiece is made so that it conforms to the shape of the teeth.



No. 808  
Stembiter

\$5

Identify by Cloverleaf



Kaywoodie Briar comes from the burl of the briar bush. The burls are 40 to 250 years old. Our briar is selected with experience, and seasoned by our own methods. All of it is imported.

Picture shows briar bush

**For those who bite through their pipe bits—**

Stembiter Kaywoodie is a welcome answer for the smoker who habitually bites through even the finest rubber pipe-bits. Stembiter was designed with help from the dental profession, and is more than ordinarily comfortable to hold in the mouth. Instead of going through one channel, the smoke is diffused through 3 channels, which helps materially to cool it. Quality and prices the same as pre-war, \$3.50 to \$25. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London: 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20. Est. 1851.



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**DEMAND NEW DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR**

Listen to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL... Harry Wismer's fast sportscast every Friday night, over the ABC network

**THE EDITORS'**

**CORNER**



**H**OW ARE veterans in other countries making out? In Australia the equivalent of The American Legion is the Returned Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Imperial League of Australia, the RSSAILA, known for short as the Returned Soldiers' League or the RSL. In our morning's mail we have a late copy of *Mufti*, the magazine published in Melbourne by the RSL branch in the State of Victoria.

According to *Mufti* the Australian veteran is suffering to a great degree from a type of economic affliction which has also been the reward of the American veteran—a great falling off of industrial production relative to the national potential. A two-page editorial in *Mufti* protests this industrial slump and claims it seriously cripples rehabilitation of veterans and effectively cancels all the fine promises and priorities given veterans on paper.

**T**HIS SLUMP is not unemployment. It is a failure of the employed to produce, thus creating a great shortage of articles needed by veterans. "... the materials have simply not been there for (the veteran) to get ... or ... they have had a price that would ... place a halter around his neck for life." The situation in Australia reminds us of our houses and cars, our groceries, our coal and our steel. But apparently things are much worse in Australia.

*Mufti* says Australia is afflicted with an anti-work or slow-down attitude, and points out that if Australia is successful in its efforts to attract emigrants it may, ironically, lessen world production. Workers coming to Australia will fall into the anti-work attitude and produce less than if they remained elsewhere.

*Mufti* doesn't know where to place the blame for this new hatred of work. Maybe foreign competitors who don't want Australia to produce. *Mufti* says, "in Russia the drive is toward more production ... longer hours of work ... to help the country's economy. ... A vessel to carry goods to Russia was loaded recently in a third the time it would have taken a British boat to get under way ..."

*Mufti's* admiration of Russian shiploading is a left-handed way of saying that Communists are all for high pay, short hours, little production and plenty of strikes—in democracies only.

**A**T ANY RATE the shortage of goods and a general disinclination to do a day's work is wreaking a hardship on Australian veterans who need things as well as jobs. We know there are serious forces at work almost everywhere to cripple production in democracies. We see them at home.



They are tearing France apart. They wrecked Czechoslovakia, and lo! they are busy in Australia too. Australia has its own peculiarities to top off the present conspiracy. It is a land of unending horse-races, gambling and public lotteries. In every nation where the lure of the jackpot becomes a national mania the idea of everyone seems to be to get rich on the long shot and let the other fellow produce. Let us hope that free nations everywhere relearn the meaning of production before police states shove the lesson down their throats. With all their faults police states are tops in getting work out of "the working classes." They use the "work or else" technique. So far this country and Canada—despite the Commie fringe along our coasts—still know best how to work and produce as free citizens.

**A**USTRALIAN veterans have been awarded a bonus, or War Gratuity. Men whose gratuity is under £10 (about \$36) can collect it now. If it is more they must wait until 1951.

The Australian equivalent of the Veterans Administration is the Repatriation Commission. Its main business is the awarding of pensions for service-connected disabilities. Even as here, most veterans have "no idea at all of the kind of evidence needed to win a doubtful case" and many of them plead their cases on the basis of need. The RSL, like the Legion, often has to "send the veteran out to go and chase more evidence" which will prove not need but "incapacity due to war service." Australia's "VA" hasn't as many benefits to distribute as has ours, but an interesting one is the following: It will help finance the moving of a disabled veteran, his family and goods from one place to another if it is necessary, because of medical reasons, that he move.

#### WERE YOU IN BELGIUM?

A recent visitor to our office was Madame J. Heneaux from Brussels, Belgium—a dark-haired, vivacious lady whose English is better than our French. She

wished us to make known to Legionnaires a book in English called *Belgium Remembers and Honors the U.S. Armies of Liberation*.

The book is an accounting and listing of all the American military units and individuals who were

cited by the Belgian Government for their part in liberating Belgium in War Two. It presents the citations, explains their meanings, and gives the names and serial numbers of thousands of U.S. officers and enlisted men as well as hundreds of divisions and lesser units—and is well sprinkled with photos of the recent violence in Belgium.

A five dollar international postal order will procure the 274 page volume if ordered from:

Les Editions J. Rozez, S.A.  
81a, Rue de la Loi  
Bruxelles  
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# AMERICAN

NEW for '49



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TANDEM



MODEL 22  
TANDEM



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Leave your car at home for the family to use! Ride to your office, classroom, shop or store this convenient, money-saving way! Easy and safe to handle, the Harley-Davidson 125 takes you anywhere. Ends parking troubles . . . does away with dependence on buses, trolleys and taxis! Smooth, quiet and comfortable. Unbelievably low-priced and economical to operate. See your dealer and take a ride.

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SOUND  
OFF!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: *Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, New York.*

## LEGION AID

I challenge anyone to say The American Legion isn't the best organization there is.

My husband is a World War I vet. He has belonged to The American Legion for several years. Six years ago I joined the Auxiliary and have surely enjoyed it all.

On July 5th my husband had a cerebral hemorrhage and had to be in the hospital seven weeks. The Legion helped him get in Birmingham General at Van Nuys. They paid his ambulance fees and have helped me with grocery bills and clothes for my kiddies for school through Child Welfare. They are still helping me with my bills as I am not able to earn enough to support five people. The Auxiliary Unit of the Carl R. Mears Post is one I am proud to belong to.

Mrs. W. E. Brown  
Arlington, California

## INSURANCE BENEFICIARIES

I enjoy reading the writings in *Sound Off!* and hope you will find space to print my gripe.

I should like to "Sound Off" on a subject which has been very much on my mind ever since we received the word from the War Department of the death in action of our son in the last war.

He had married a girl just before leaving for service and she was of course the beneficiary of his Government Insurance Policy. There were no children. About a year later she remarried, and is well provided for.

My gripe is that she should continue to receive the payments from the insurance when we, the parents, who struggled to bring up a family of five children, two to serve their country, one who never returned, have no right to any of the money paid out by the Government for this purpose.

I feel that before another war comes, which Heaven forbid, action should be taken for legislation covering the above situation, so that the parents might participate in such

payments, where the widow is not dependent on it.

I'm sure there are many others who feel the same as I do, and I would like to see some opinions on this matter expressed in *Sound Off!*

Minnesota Legionnaire

▼ These good people have our sympathy, but if the law were changed as they wish, probably more persons would be injured than is now the case.

Editors

## A HELPING HAND

Your letter in *Sound Off!* (*Veterans Reward, September issue*), attracted my attention this morning. I correspond with veterans in different States. They tell me their troubles in their letters. I sympathize with them in their hours of peril.

I am the daughter of a veteran. I should know how veterans suffer.

Will you send the address of that Legionnaire in New York? I would appreciate it very much.

(Miss) Betty J. Howell  
Emma, Georgia

▼ We have sent to Miss Howell the name and address of the writer of *Veteran's Reward*.

Editors

## "THERE ARE NO WIVES WITH US"

I have something to really sound off about. I am in the U. S. Air Corps stationed up here in Alaska. I was also overseas during the war, but I didn't mind that, because it was for a good cause. But I cannot understand why they must send married men to some place like this, away from home, for two years with no possible chance of getting our wives with us. There were quite a few single men on the post in the States that I came from who begged to come up here, but they would not send them. They picked on the married men. And when I re-enlisted both the recruiting officer and the officer at the field told me I would be stationed in the States for three years. Actually I was there for eight months. I'll have more than nine years in after this enlistment, and I certainly won't enlist again. My many buddies feel the same way. In case of war it would of course be all right, but why can't they let our wives come up here with us?

Sergeant

(Continued on page 54)



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## 1,000,000 JOBS STARTED HERE

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With a plant crew of but five men, the little company began to make aluminum by the new method. That was the beginning of what is now Alcoa.

Today the aluminum industry, of which Alcoa is but a part, is made up of many, many companies. Around 1,000,000 people

have jobs in the manufacture of aluminum in its many shapes and forms or in the making of useful products in which aluminum plays an essential part.

It is perfectly true that because the men of Smallman Street set themselves the clear-cut goal of making aluminum cheaper and more useful, Alcoa has itself been a successful business. More important, by making aluminum ever cheaper and better Alcoa stimulated the growth of a healthy American industry with the virile blood of competition surging through it freely . . . the greatest aluminum industry in the world.

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# ALCOA

FIRST IN ALUMINUM



60 YEARS OF SERVICE





I could have kissed  
her lips and I tried

# Nobody works on Christmas

A sentimental story about a letter, written  
from the Ardennes, which changed several lives

**A** WEEK BEFORE Christmas I went into Paula's office, as I did every day, and said, "Good morning, honey. How's about it this time? Will you marry me?"

Her dark head was bent over pictures that covered the desk—a set she'd taken of children at play at a Brooklyn orphanage. Without bothering to glance up, she said, "No, thank you." She gathered half a dozen prints and turned to place them in a box on the window sill. Snow was streaming down the pane, blotting out the view of mid-town New York.

I took a cigarette from Paula's pack and lit it. Then I

by **OSCAR SCHISGALL**

ILLUSTRATED BY AL FULLINGTON



sat down to look at her. She was something to see, Paula Carey—a handsome girl, tall, dark, full of fire. Stover, the editor—her boss and mine—had told me she was the ablest female photographer *View* had ever hired. “She gets soul into her stuff,” he’d say. He was right. She had soul in her eyes, too. I watched her while she studied the prints.

“Look, Charlie,” Paula said after a minute or two. “Much as I like having you around, I’m loaded with work this morning. Was there anything special besides your marriage problem?”

“Yes, indeed,” I said. “What are you doing Christmas?”

“Haven’t decided yet.”

“Not going to see your folks?”

She shook her head. “Can’t afford a

trip to the Coast for just two days.”

“Then how about spending Christmas with me?” I said. “A drive to Wellsville, Connecticut—maybe through snow. Christmas dinner with a nice elderly couple, farm style. And I’ll have you back in town by ten in the evening.”

Paula stopped work to look at me. I thought I saw a moment of eagerness in her eyes; then it faded, and she asked, “What’s the gimmick, Charlie?”

“Why should there be a gimmick?”

“Because you never do anything without a hard-headed reason, usually in the line of work. Who are the nice elderly couple?”

I hesitated. Then I realized there was no point to hiding facts. I said,





"Name of Gilson. Howard B. Gilson and wife."

"The Gilson who writes editorials?"

I nodded.

"Oh, Charlie!" She sounded hopeless. She leaned back and pushed some hair up from her forehead. "I might have known. You've been after Stover for months to let you do a story on Gilson. Now, I suppose, you're going up to interview him. Is that it?"

"Well—ye-es—"

"And you'll want me to bring a camera. . . . Oh, Charlie, Charlie." She really seemed depressed and disappointed in me. "Have you no feelings at all? No sense of the *fitness* of things? Who else would dream of working on Christmas?"

I said, "Honey, it's not my fault. I wrote Gilson, and this is what I got." I took the letter out of my pocket and went around the desk. While Paula read it, I bent over her, taking a long whiff of the perfume in her hair, the way a man might sniff a pleasant drug. Then I looked at the letter with her. It said:

Dear Mr. West,

I am, of course, flattered that you should want to do an article about me for your magazine. Let me warn you, however, that any story about me is also a story about my son Everett, who was killed in the Battle of the Ardennes. As a matter of fact, it is his story, not mine, you ought to do. He died just after Christmas in 1944, and now we dedicate every Christmas to him. That might be a good time to talk about Everett, if you like. And frankly, since you say you once met my son overseas, we are all the more eager to know you. Why don't you and your photographer come to Christmas dinner with Mrs. Gilson and me? We should be very happy to have you as our guests.

Sincerely,

Howard B. Gilson.

Paula glanced up at me, puzzled. I could have kissed her lips by bending just one more inch, and I tried it. But she pushed me away—gently, yet with a kind of weariness, as if she were getting tired of pushing. "Go sit down,

Charlie," she said.

So I took the letter and went back to my chair. Paula looked at the snow on the window, maybe seeing a Connecticut valley white for Christmas. In the end she sighed. "All right," she said. "I'll go—on one condition."

"Your terms are my terms," I said. "Name them."

"That you won't plague me all the way there and back to marry you. Sometimes I like to talk of other things."

"I'll ask just once, as usual," I promised. "Then we'll talk about anything else you like." I got up to go. "By the way, what's today's reason for not marrying me?"

"Same as always," Paula said. "You're nice, Charlie, and I'm fond of you—but you haven't got a soul. No sentiment. No feelings. You're a good reporter the way a machine is a good machine. For the long pull, I'd like a guy with a heart, with sensitivity."

"Oh," I said. "That again."

I knew why she felt that way; just because I always fought against phony sentiment; because I argued against the sticky ideas she and some others suggested for *View*—like this spread of orphanage kids, for instance, against which I'd ranted plenty at the staff meeting. I simply couldn't believe there was big circulation in tears and heartache. People don't want to read to the accompaniment of "Hearts and Flowers." Pile up a year of such arguments, and you can see why Paula thought I had no soul.

"Charlie, go write some statistics on your typewriter," she said, picking up more pictures. "I've got a job to do."

Christmas morning I called for her at nine. As she slipped into the car beside me, she looked wonderful, wrapped up in brown furs, with a little fur hat to match. She put her camera and flash bulbs behind us, then dropped a small box into my lap. "Merry Christmas, Charlie," she said.

Everything inside me banged as I looked at her. Paula was the most beautiful person in the world. I bent over and kissed her cheek before she

could stop me. "Merry Christmas, honey," I said, and got her present from the back seat.

We opened the packages at the same time, like kids, laughing. Mine contained a tie-clip, initialed; and I'd bought Paula the most expensive perfume I'd been able to find. She said, "Oh, Charlie! How lovely!" and kissed me quickly. "Thank you!"

I said in an unsteady voice, "Look, honey, I—I have something else for you, too." I dug in an inside pocket and brought it out. "It just happens, by merest chance, that I have with me this ring which belonged to my mother. Her engagement ring. Promised her I'd use it for the same purpose myself—"

She put a hand on my arm. "Please, Charlie. Not that again."

(Continued on page 50)

People wondered why the small-town editor placed a little package on Everett's grave every Christmas





# Even Doctors



Which one is most apt to catch cold? Studies show that outdoor workers, even in winter, are more free of sniffles than office hands. Excess indoor heat and dryness do the damage

ILLUSTRATED BY CAREW-CALDWELL

**A** FEW MONTHS ago, while sneezing and coughing my way through the mountains of Pennsylvania, a benign grey-beard offered me a precious secret. With the elaborate flourish of a conjurer, he thrust a lean brown hand into his earth-stained trousers and produced a round polished object. All I had to do was to carry this buckeye (or horse chestnut) in my pocket, and never again would I come down with the galloping sniffles. Thinking to trip up the old fellow, I asked innocently whether it cured his colds as well as prevented them. But he was much too agile. "Dunno, son, you see, I *always* carry it." Just then, my eye lighted on his little calico-clad granddaughter whose nose was running all over her face. "Why don't you let that poor child carry your buckeye for a while?" I asked. At first, I thought I had him, but he came back triumphantly, "No pockets in that young un's dress." Despite my disorderly retreat from this encounter, I still maintain that

carrying a buckeye won't prevent colds; nor will wearing an iron ring on the third finger or any other magic. Soaking your feet in a hot mustard bath might be all right if the amount of mustard consumed didn't deprive so many buxom hot dogs of the spice of life and if you can spend the winter that way.

Although there is no known way to cure colds, lots can be done to prevent them, to make them more bearable and to make serious complication less frequent. There's even a right and a wrong way to blow your nose. *Leave both nostrils open.* If you hold one closed, the air pressure may rise so high that you force germs back into your middle ear and give yourself otitis media! And that's bad. It's an infection of the middle ear, very stubborn to treatment.

Then, about nose drops. Most doctors think the kind that "constrict" help in the later stages of a cold by shrinking the membranes so you can breathe. Reducing swollen membranes promotes sinus drainage and helps prevent sinusitis from developing, but

antiseptic nose drops may do as much harm as good. It's best to ask your doctor about them, and follow his warning about "over-treatment."

But before anyone can deal with a cold intelligently, he has to know something about the nature and habits of the beast.

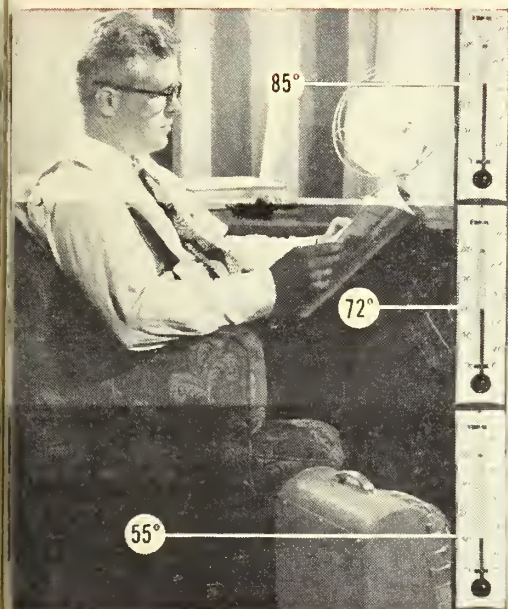
Rub an ice cube on your hand and see how white the skin becomes. The sudden cold causes the tiny blood vessels in the skin to contract. The same thing happens in your nose when you leave a warm room and go outside on a cold day. The supply of healing blood to the nasal membranes is shut off momentarily by the cold air, allowing any virus or bacteria which may be lying in wait to dig in and start raising families. That the abrupt temperature change, and not just the winter air, does the dirty work is suggested by the fact that office workers get nine times as many colds as taxi drivers by an actual survey. What holds for taxi drivers probably holds for wood choppers, farmers and others, who are outdoors all day.



# Catch Cold

So far the best medicine for the common cold is common sense—and it doesn't always work

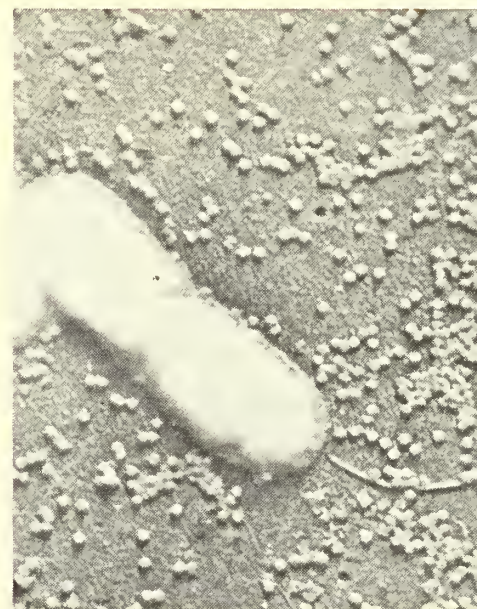
By J. B. Rice, M.D.



OK, it's a gag that our man has a fan on his face and a heater on his feet. Yet many modern homes are heated in layers like this, and chilled feet cause colds



Kissing, crowding and fatigue make the mistletoe season a germ's fiesta. Isn't there a way to show good will toward others without giving them a cold in the head?



D. GORDON SHARP, M.D., DUKE UNIVERSITY

Most colds are started by viruses, which don't play the game of life and death our way. Above, a "big" bacteria nestles among a swarm of viruses (enlarged 22,000 times)

You can do two things about this. Don't overheat your house; and hold a warm handkerchief (out of your pocket) over your nose for a few minutes on going out. This will make the transition from hot to cold air more gradual and permit time for the little blood vessels in your nose to adjust themselves to the change. Grandma knew what she was about when she went on a moonlight sleigh ride with only her saucy eyes peeking out over her woolen muffler.

Chilling any part of your body can cause the same constriction of your nasal blood vessels, by reflex action. That's one reason why wet or cold toes can make your nose run. Here's where architects could help us. The chances are you live in a medieval castle, even if your house was only built last year and has an awning marquee and a yawning door man out in front. Architects usually pay little attention to air currents and draughts. They still design houses along the lines of Henry the Eighth's castle, despite the fact that the only heating systems Henry had were a

log fireplace and eight wives, poor guy!

Heating engineers could do their part to cut down the toll of upper respiratory diseases. The air in my modern apartment is so dry that the needle of my hygrometer (it measures the moisture in the air) hovers near zero all winter. What's that got to do with colds? Plenty. First, for comfort, dry air has to be at least 5 degrees warmer than moist air, (efficiency engineers please note) which increases the shock when you go outside on a cold day. Second, anything that dries out your nose and throat may give you the sniffles. The inside of human noses is lined with a protective layer of germ-killing mucus, the same stuff that makes a dog's nose feel cold. This sticky moist layer keeps viruses and bacteria, breathed in with the air, from ever touching the cells below. Warm air with low moisture content quickly dries up this mucus and causes it to crack—exposing the membranes to the attack of any venomous bug that happens to be loafing around looking for a good home. My great-

aunt Mary would have shooed you out of the house with her broom had you suggested that the steam from her teakettle, which sang on the back of the stove from dawn til midnight, was protecting the family from colds. But it was.

You can do something about humidity, too, even without a kitchen range and an iron teakettle. You can buy a humidifier; but reserve a Bronx cheer for the salesman who tries to clinch the deal by telling you how little water you have to put into it. "Why, this model uses only a quart of water a day." He doesn't add that for that very reason it's useless. The humidity to be obtained from a quart of water isn't worth the trouble. See that your humidifier uses gallons of water a day; and run it all night, for, unfortunately, bacteria don't sleep.

If you can become a hermit during the cold season, fine; but most city folks can't stay out of crowds. Instead of saying "God bless you" most of us would mutter "God help us" if we knew how much power a husky man can put (Continued on page 34)



Moving day is coming for many industries, to get key plants out of danger zones in case of attack

By W. H. B. SMITH



Chance Vought shipped 2,000 machines to its new Texas plant

**D**ON'T START PACKING right away, but one of these days you and your family may be going on a journey. Indeed your trip may be shaping up this minute over a conference table in Washington or elsewhere.

Many conferences are being held these days which are likely to have an important bearing on your future, and, believe it or not, you are causing the conferees a lot of headaches. These men have a problem, a mighty big one. They know that American industry is too highly concentrated in certain areas. Because of this they know it is vulnerable in case this country is ever attacked. To minimize the danger, industry must move, scatter out. As a matter of fact, industry has been moving. A recent survey of 128 major industrial organizations disclosed that 58 have already started some measure of decentralization! There is likely to be more of this, in accordance with government thinking which wants strategic industries to get away from congested centers and into the hinterland.

If this were Russia the job would be much easier. The commissars would say "move" and you'd move. But getting free people to move is something else again. They can move or they can stay put, just as they like, and usually a person has excellent reasons

for staying where he is and not wanting to move hundreds or thousands of miles away to a strange community.

Let us look at the official thinking on the movement of industry. While industries are spreading out, many factories are still being built in vulnerable areas. Too many, in the opinion of Arthur Hill, Chairman of the National Security Resources Board, who is greatly concerned because industry is spending nearly \$14-billion

a year erecting plants "in highly concentrated industrial areas, thereby increasing vulnerability in event of attack." Mr. Hill's Board suggests that construction of industrial areas be confined to five square miles or less, or to cities of under 50,000 separated by at least 10 miles of open country.

How do you fit into this picture? If your job is located in a small town or city the chances are that it will be secure. If, however, you work for a company which can swing into war

# WILL YOUR JOB LEAVE TOWN?



Among the families moved to Texas by Chance Vought were the Kiefers, shown here



production and the factory is in a big center there is at least a possibility that changes will be coming up. And the stronger the drift toward war, the greater the likelihood.

Not long ago a shift of this sort was required in the case of the Chance Vought Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation. In this case it was decided that the company's operations at Stratford, Conn., should be moved to Dallas, Texas. For one thing, fog is almost unknown in Dallas and test flying is possible 94% of the time. For another, there is a large concentration of aircraft industries in the East—too many eggs in one basket.

Two thousand machines and 50,000,000 pounds of material must be moved 1,687 miles. That in itself represents a tremendous job. But more important is the human element. It will be necessary also to move 1,500 families. Nearly 260 have already been moved.

This isn't a simple matter of calling 1,500 moving vans, loading them and sending them off to Texas. Other factors are involved. It means uprooting families, some of whom have lived in Connecticut for generations. It affects shopkeepers who depend on the workers' trade. It has a bearing, both in Connecticut and Texas, on the housing situation. All along the line, the move calls for drastic readjustments.

However, thanks to a fine spirit of give-and-take between management, labor and the community generally, the move is progressing successfully. Since a similar situation may some day confront you or your community, you may be interested in how the shift is being made.

Once a survey had shown the advisability of moving, the company went to work to get the cooperation of everyone concerned. First they enlisted the aid of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, and in typical Texas fashion the Chamber went enthusiastically to work. They induced the city to lay out \$250,000 to extend the testing runways to 7,000 feet, as required for jet planes. But much more important, they turned the area upside down cutting red tape and laying out the welcome mats for the company and its employees. Dallas realtors pitched in to help with the critical job of housing. They helped in preparing booklets to acquaint the newcomers with their new home. And when the people from the Nutmeg State started arriving, the Texans took them under their wing and made them feel at home.

On the Connecticut end Chance Vought ran into headaches which might have upset the plans of a lesser organization. The unions were opposed at the start, fearing that this was another instance of industry moving out to depress wages. When the company showed the defense importance of the move and established that the Texas wages would be the same or higher, the unions finally fell into line.

Out of 8,000 employees, 1,500 were important enough for the company to offer to pay all their transportation expenses if they would move to Dallas. To do its part in behalf of the remaining workers, Chance Vought joined with other Connecticut interests in hunting up tenants for the old

factory whose interests would best be served in Connecticut. It is now working with Sikorsky, Pratt & Whitney and Hamilton Standard Propeller—other divisions of United Aircraft—to absorb the Chance Vought employees who remain.

Meanwhile it set up an information bureau to aid those who were making the move, to provide them with all necessary data about schools, hospitals, churches, homes, prices and the myriad other matters of prime importance to the individual.

Granted, this migration is causing pain and trouble to thousands, it still is cheaper insurance for the nation than any other our citizens could buy in this case.

But what about those segments of industry (Continued on page 42)

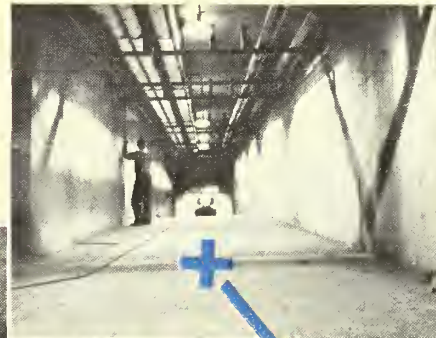
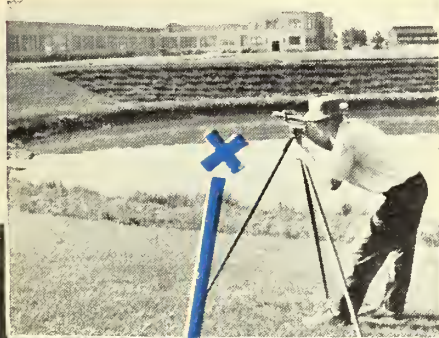


Carl R. Hellstrom has set an example by building for efficiency in peace and safety in war

The Smith & Wesson plant built by Carl R. Hellstrom is unlike any other, with

huge underground areas. At left is the emergency water supply. Center inset

shows reinforced subterranean ceiling. At right, a ramp leading underground.







1. Some member of your family swallows poison



6. You smell escaping gas



7. A wastebasket starts to blaze



8. You wake up and find your bedroom full of smoke

## Can You Keep Your Head?

Confronted with a sudden emergency in the home, do you know what to do? Or do you get panicky and let things get out of hand?

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

Shown here are some common mishaps around the home. They may have happened to you, or they may confront you tomorrow. Some are minor, others are serious and can lead to tragic consequences. Faced with these situations, what would you do? Study the pictures, decide how you would handle the matter, then turn to page 53 to see if you would have done the right thing. A 100 percent score may someday save your life or the life of a loved one.





2. A pan of grease starts blazing on the stove



3. An electric wire breaks and falls in front of your house



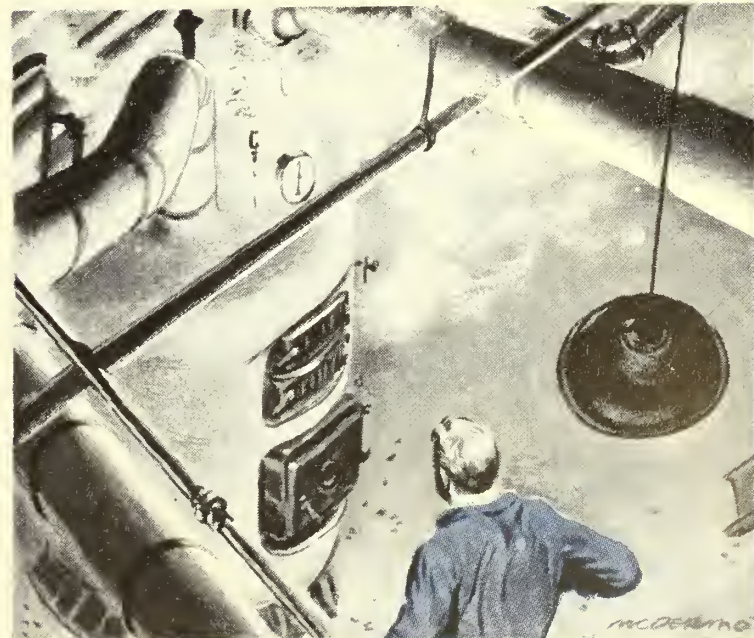
5. A dog comes after you



6. A child chokes on an object



9. Someone gets a deep knife cut



10. The safety valve of your furnace "sounds off"





# The Life of a Basketball Giant

Should Ed Macauley—one of the world's best basketball players—be ruled off the courts because he's tall?

By **ED FITZGERALD**

PHOTOS BY CAREW-CALDWELL

**I**N RECENT YEARS, various tall, skinny characters known as "goons" have run off with most of the publicity accorded individual basketball players in the public prints.

"Goon" is not a term used to describe a player's position—such as

forward, guard, or center. The short, ugly word is used—possibly in preference to other shorter and uglier words—to define a basketball player of great height and little talent, a performer whose awesome altitude makes it child's play for him to throw the ball into the hoop even though he's as graceless as a Sherman tank.

More so than in any other major sport played in America, height is at a premium in basketball. So much so that the most clumsy, awkward, slow-moving goon you can imagine looks good to a coach if he stands well over six feet without benefit of Adler Elevators. The human obelisk is generally stationed near the backboard. His teammates find it somewhat easier to hit him than the basket

**Left, Easy Ed Macauley, six-foot-eight-inch All-American Center of St. Louis University has to jump a little to drop the ball in the basket. Ed works summers at a Catskill hotel as a recreation director. Below, he stoops to coach the hotel's awed junior varsity**





because the goon can see the ball coming and can also use his hands a little, which the basket cannot do. He is expected to grasp the ball securely in his hands, turn slowly and deliberately, brush off the Lilliputians clutching at him feebly from below, and plunk the ball into the basket — a mere 10 feet above floor level.

Thus, the goon is, in effect, a funnel to the basket and his team sacrifices the use of a fifth player in order to acquire that funnel. Whether or not such a sacrifice is worth while is a subject of much heated debate. A lot of people not only maintain it isn't, but go further and assert vigorously that the rule book ought to bar all players of unusual height from participating in the game because they're spoiling it for everybody else.

That's what got me interested. Whenever somebody wants to bar somebody else from doing something, I get curious. To check my suspicions, to find out if the alarmists who scream that the flesh-and-blood skyscrapers are ruining the game are correct, I looked up Ed Macauley, All-America center from St. Louis University. Ed is six feet, eight inches tall, about as wide as a toothpick, and he habitually counts his points in double figures.

If you were rooting for Missoula Teachers, and big Ed Macauley split the net cords with a dozen field goals and four or five foul shots, thereby helping mightily to flatten your heroes, you might be tempted to classify Ed



Macauley towers over girl friend Jackie Combs, who came on from St. Louis to visit Ed in the Catskills last summer. Except for his height Macauley is a normal young man

as a typical goon. But if you did you would be dead wrong. Ed, who was rejected by the Army for being two inches over the height limit, is tall enough to be called a goon. But he isn't awkward enough and he isn't dumb enough and he's got more basketball sense in his little finger than most five-foot-tens have in their whole bodies.

I saw him play against Long Island University in Madison Square Garden last Winter and I liked what I saw. True, he was the focal point of his team's attack, the guy they counted on to throw the ball in the hoop more often than anybody else, but he was also a lot of basketball player. He moved around with considerable agility, fed snappy passes to his teammates with remarkable accuracy and wisdom, and didn't get in the way of

anybody except the guys on the other team.

He scored 238 points in his freshman year at St. Louis, 395 in his sophomore season, and 368 as a junior. This year he's a senior. Watch him. The boys who play with him call him Easy Ed, and they don't do that because he's anybody's clumsy ox. He's terrific in the keyhole (or pivot spot) as you'd expect a player his size to be, but in addition he has a looping left hand shot he can heave with uncanny skill on the dead run, a tiger-like ferocity in recovering rebounds, and a gift for play-making that stamps him as a one-in-a-million discovery.

He's also an extremely pleasant young man, scrupulously careful not to do or say anything that would make him look big-headed. He calls Ed Hickey. (Continued on page 35)





ALABAMA  
ALASKA  
ARIZONA  
ARKANSAS  
CALIFORNIA  
CANADA  
COLORADO  
CONNECTICUT  
DELAWARE  
D. of C.  
FLORIDA  
FRANCE  
GEORGIA  
HAWAII  
IDAHO  
ILLINOIS  
INDIAN  
IOWA  
ITALY  
KANSAS  
KENTUCKY  
LOUISIANA  
MA  
MARYLAND  
MASSACHUSETTS  
MEXICO  
MICHIGAN  
MINNESOTA  
MISSISSIPPI  
MISSOURI  
MONTANA  
NEBRASKA  
NEVADA  
NEW HAMPSHIRE  
NEW JERSEY  
NEW MEXICO  
NEW YORK  
NORTH CAROLINA  
NORTH DAKOTA  
OHIO  
OKLAHOMA  
OREGON  
PANAMA  
PENNSYLVANIA  
PHILIPPINE IS.  
PUERTO RICO  
RHODE ISLAND  
SOUTH CAROLINA  
SOUTH DAKOTA  
TENNESSEE  
TEXAS  
UTAH  
VERMONT  
VIRGINIA  
WASHINGTON  
WEST VIRGINIA  
WISCONSIN  
WYOMING

All sorts of conveyances brought delegates and visitors to the convention. Here a Nebraska group disembarks after its long train trip

# MIAMI

A digest of the proceedings  
of the National Convention

By ALEXANDER GARDINER

PHOTOS BY BEN DE BROCKE

President Truman addressing the joint meeting  
of the Legion and Auxiliary on the opening day



Past National Commander Kelly hands winning ticket on a Ford Convertible to Commander Jack Nathanson of Seagram Post

The President, his  
Missouri Department  
Legion cap  
at a jaunty angle,  
gestures home a  
telling point



Youthful-looking  
General Hoyt Van-  
denberg, Chief of  
Staff, U. S. Air  
Force, got a great  
reception





# THE LEGION'S 30<sup>th</sup>

CHATEAU-THIERRY  
NORMANDY  
ST. LO  
GUADALCANAL  
BIAK  
AMIENS  
OKINAWA  
KASSERINE PASS  
SICILY  
CANTIGNY  
CORREGIDOR  
IWO JIMA  
AACHEN  
CHERBOURG  
VERDUN  
SAIPAN  
LINGAYEN GULF  
TARAWA  
SALERNO  
CASSINO  
ANZIO  
SOMME  
ALEUTIANS



Acknowledging applause, National Commander Perry Brown gets assist from his predecessor, Jimmy O'Neil

INDONESIA  
LOS ANGELES  
METZ  
HURTGEN  
RAPIDO  
ST. MIHIEL  
BUNA IONA  
BATAAN  
MARSHALLS  
BASTOGNE  
LORIENT  
SEAN  
SAVO ISLAND  
ENIWEI  
MUNICHEN BRIDGE  
MARIANAS  
BIZERT  
ORANGE  
COMPIEGNE  
AITAH  
BOUGAINVILLE  
PHILIPPINE SEA  
LEYTE  
LUXEMBOURG  
MARKHAM VALLEY  
KWAJALEIN  
ARGONNE  
WAKE  
VOSGES MTS.  
GUAM  
TUNIS  
MARNE  
CORAL SEA

THE AMERICAN LEGION returned to Miami, Florida in late October for its Thirtieth Annual National Convention and found the Magic City and its environs once again a pleasant place in which to do business. Although fourteen years had elapsed since its last visit the organization's delegates averaged less in age than did those of 1934, because of the large number of World War Two veterans in the 1948 lists. The 3,456 delegates represented a membership well over the three million mark, in contrast to the one million plus Legion of 1934.

Miami's welcome to the convention and the hundred thousand visi-



Legionnaire Wilbur Pinder and Gertrude Hughes find Miami Beach a pleasant place to relax





Youth and grace personified in a majorette. No wonder the parade spectators cheered

tors who flocked in for the week of business and fun was in keeping with the reputation for hospitality it has built up over the years. The convention made history in a number of ways, and Miami, not to be outdone, added a few. One of these was an unusual weather sequence, including a down-pour of rain that tried in vain to halt the marchers during the latter part of the big Legion parade. Accepting the verdict that rain had indeed fallen, one of the Miami newspapers the next day, noting that the northern portion of the United States was shivering in unseasonably frigid weather, carried a banner headline that declared "It's Better Than Snow."

The President of the United States,

Harry S. Truman, was one of the honored guests of the Convention. His speech, a feature of the opening day, gave Legionnaire Truman the opportunity of reaffirming the policy of the United States as a world power dedicated to the task of sustaining democracy abroad as well as practicing it at home. Following his address Mr. Truman, an elected delegate to the convention, sat with his comrades of the Missouri delegation as a token of his interest in the Legion's program of service to America. Two days later Gov. Earl Warren of California, a delegate from his Department, and

Aboard convention cruise ship *Yarmouth* Dr. Charles Nichols makes a point for charming companion





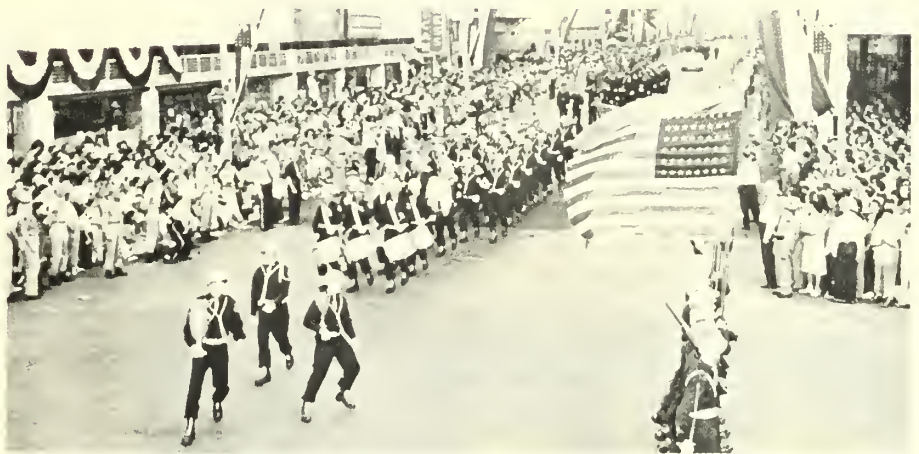
Semi-tropical palm trees of Biscayne Boulevard furnish a colorful background for a New Jersey drum corps' parade appearance



President Harold Stassen of the University of Pennsylvania, a Minnesota Legionnaire and a distinguished guest of the convention, made addresses supporting the bipartisan foreign policy of the United States.

As its leader for the coming year the Legion on the final day of the convention elected Perry Brown of Beaumont, Texas, National Commander.

As National Defense Chairman since 1944 he has worked with other Legionnaires for a sound defense program for the security of America, with Universal Military Training as the foundation of the over-all structure.



Riverside (New Jersey) Drum Corps, National Champions, display trophies in parade

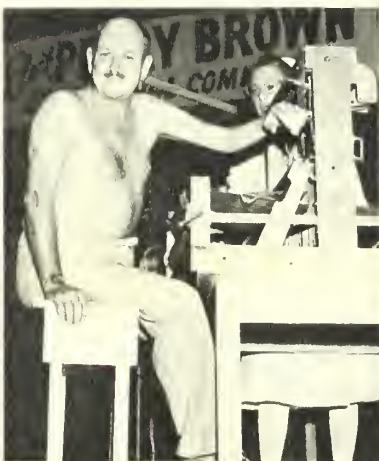
South Dakota effectively proclaims its proud boast as the cradle of Legion Junior Baseball







In disabled vets' exhibition of skill for convention Jack Mills explains to Legionnaire Lawton Harper of South Carolina ceiling projector for reading magazines. Both are amputees



Coral Gables VA patient demonstrates how, despite badly injured left arm, he operates hand loom, turning out a beautiful rug



His attractive wife looks on as paraplegic Verman Leffler shows how he works as draftsman on Miami construction job



Legion experts on disabled in huddle: From left, Chairman W. Rex McCrosson of National Rehab Committee, Vice Chairman Bob McCurdy, Rehab Director T. O. Kraabel

Brown won his engineering degree at Centenary College, Shreveport, La., and has been connected with the construction industry since 1920. In World War One he served with a machine gun battalion and was wounded in action. He returned to active duty as a colonel of infantry in 1942. He is married and has three daughters and two sons, the boys being veterans and Legionnaires.

The convention, overruling recommendations of its rehabilitation committee, voted by 2,024 to 1,364 to ask Congress to make veterans of World War One eligible for \$60-a-month pensions at age 55, with a jump to \$75 a month at age 65, in line with benefits accruing to Spanish-American War veterans. Later by a voice vote it approved an Illinois Department resolution to make veterans of WW2 eligible under the same conditions. Efforts along these lines were defeated at San Francisco in 1946 and in New York last year. The only qualification for the pension would be ninety days' war-time service or a discharge because of a wartime disability.

Vice Commanders chosen for the coming year were Edward J. Kelly of



Harold Stassen and Governor Earl Warren of California exchange ideas in brief conference on convention floor

Taftville, Conn.; Walter E. Alessandroni of Philadelphia, Pa.; James A. Lane of Huntsville, Ala.; Leonard W. Moody of Marianna, Ark., and James T. Annin of Columbus, Mont.

Rev. Tom Grice of Ventura, Calif., minister of the Simi Valley Community Church (Methodist) was elected successor to Rev. Frank L. Harrington as National Chaplain.

Two huge hangars which at one time housed seaplanes were consolidated





The newly elected Vice Commanders line up. From left, Edward J. Kelly, Conn.;

James T. Annin, Mont.; James A. Lane, Ala.; Walter E. Alessandroni, Pa.; Leonard

W. Woody, Ark. At extreme right, National Chaplain-elect Rev. Tom Grice, Calif.



Convention delegates listen as one of their number questions from a floor microphone a chairman who has just submitted his report



Mrs. Elvena's guitar enlivens Bataan Post reunion. Second from left is Lester Tenuvey, sole non-Filipino member, and survivor of infamous Death March

at Dinner Key, some six miles south of the main business district of Miami, and used as the convention hall. A large platform set up at the rear of the great auditorium thus brought into being provided space for more than 6,000 people, who crowded into the arena on the convention's opening day to hear President Truman as the featured speaker of the joint gathering of the Legion and Auxiliary. Other thousands stood outside the hall, and

some of these were able to see him, as well as hear the speech over the public address system. The President had come in on his own plane from the north and had been greeted by high Army and Navy officials and noted Legionnaires headed by National Commander James F. O'Neil. He was a guest of the Legion Convention Corporation at a buffet luncheon at Miami Beach preceding his convention appearance, and seemed to

be thoroughly enjoying himself. Altogether, Mr. Truman spent five crowded hours in the Miami area. Mrs. Truman and their daughter Margaret were presented to the convention.

Correspondents by the score, radio and television specialists, dozens of cameramen scrambling about the convention platform for angle shots as celebrities addressed the delegates gave this (Continued on page 46)



# and the AUXILIARY



The American Legion Auxiliary convention in session at Miami's Bayfront Auditorium

A brief account of the Proceedings of the Twenty-Eighth Annual National Convention of the Legion's sister organization held at Miami, Florida



Mrs. Herbert A. Goode, Portland, Oregon, left, newly elected National President, in jovial mood with her predecessor, Mrs. Lee W. Hutton, who presented her to Legion convention

THE SERIOUSNESS of our purpose here reflects the seriousness of the times in which we live."

With these words Mrs. Lee W. Hutton, in her National President's report, set the keynote for The American Legion Auxiliary's 28th National Convention in Bayfront Auditorium, Miami.

The 1,304 delegates, the largest number ever seated in an Auxiliary convention, took action to continue and intensify the Auxiliary's endeavors for enduring peace, for the comfort and happiness of the war dis-

abled, and for the protection of America's free form of government.

To lead the organization's 955,000 members in the program which they drafted, the delegates elected and installed Mrs. Hubert A. Goode, of Portland, Ore., as National President. Mrs. Goode's election came by acclamation when the only opposing candidate, Mrs. Archie W. Miller of New Cumberland, Pa., withdrew before the start of the balloting.

Elected to serve with Mrs. Goode were five National Vice Presidents: Mrs. William Kashman, Hartford,

Conn.; Mrs. Eli Bennett, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Harry C. Mulder, Hammond, Ind.; Mrs. Edward B. Kelly, Buffalo, Wyo.; Mrs. H. C. McShane, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. William H. Heagerty, of Washington, D. C., was elected National Historian, and Mrs. J. Pat Kelly, of Atlanta, Ga., National Chaplain. Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, Story City, Iowa, continues as National Secretary, and Mrs. Cecilia Wenz, Indianapolis, Ind., as National Treasurer.

The membership goal for 1949 was set at 1,000,000.

THE END



# Teamwork Will Do It

By PERRY BROWN

NATIONAL COMMANDER,  
THE AMERICAN LEGION

Teamwork by members of  
our organization will mean achieve-  
ment of every goal set for us

**T**HE AMERICAN LEGION in Miami charted a course of high service to God and country which is worth fighting for by every Legionnaire.

The objectives are the adequate care of disabled veterans and their dependents, the war widows and orphans and bereaved parents, and the building of an enduring peace through a strong America.

These are big goals. They require big effort.

We have come out of our deliberations in Miami strongly united and deeply enthusiastic in our dedication to our task. We face the greatest challenge to our spirit of unselfish service. We meet that challenge with the greatest teamwork we have ever had. Our 3,100,000 members in 17,176 Posts represent the smoothest-working team of soldiers of peace the nation has ever seen. It is a team that is going to achieve every goal set by our 30th National Convention.

I am deeply grateful to you for the opportunity you have given me to lead the task forces of The American Legion during the ensuing year. I know that behind your action in electing me as your National Commander is your promise of all-out support. To you I pledge the application of every ounce of strength I have to the discharge of my responsibilities. Together, with God's help, we can surpass all records of American Legion accomplishments.

We have united our forces for a concentrated attack to reach the primary objectives for which The American Legion was founded. We are on the march. We shall accomplish our missions.

THE END



Commander Brown





# LIFE IN THE OPEN

A Feature of Fun, Fact and Fancy for Outdoorsmen

CONDUCTED BY  
**ARTHUR CARHART**

## HOW TO FOLLOW A DEER

**H**ERE ARE some bits of hunting lore which may aid in getting your venison:

Deer generally bed for the night on benches below ridge crests. Here they can overlook the country below and air currents will bring scents of approaching danger.

If you find the "form" of a deer in the snow and it is not glazed, it is probably fresh. An hour or so of sunlight in freezing weather will put a glaze on it.

If you find a deer "form" in leaves, they will be flat if the bed has been recently occupied — but the leaves will curl as the upper sides dry under an hour of sunlight.

If the trail of a deer goes directly away from a fresh bed he has just been scared away. If it meanders and you find where shrub tips have just been bitten off, the deer has not been disturbed — and may be found wandering near at hand.

Some fellows claim they can tell the difference between a buck track and a doe track. I've been with hunters who came near proving they could. These "experts" say that a doe track is more heart-shaped and pointed, while the buck track is broader and squarish. The law of averages says that tracks indicating a larger or heavier animal in well-hunted territory will more often be those of a doe — for does are protected by law in most areas and have a better chance to accumulate some size and weight than do the hunted bucks.

If tracks are in snow or very soft earth, a heavy animal will (1) tend to leave a spread track between halves of the hoof, (2) drag toes, leaving a curl of mud or snow on the forward side of a track, and (3) sink into soft underfooting until there are two little dots back of the main track, made by the dew-claws.

It's things like these that started the myth that Indians and outdoorsmen have

keener sight than "civilized" folks. The eyes of the outdoorsmen may be no better, but they "see more" because they know what to look for outdoors and what it means. In looking over a ledger, an accountant might have "sharper eyes" than Buffalo Bill.

If you know where a deer is and are waiting for him to come closer it may be the best camouflage to stand against a tree trunk on the side toward which the deer will approach. He may take you for part of the tree and you will see him



clearly. If you hide behind a tree you won't see the deer until you stick your head out, and he's likely to notice you immediately. Deer see motion more promptly than color or form.

If you are tracking a buck it might be a good idea to look behind you once in a while. Some deer can be as curious as squirrels, and after taking off away from you they may circle around to get a peek and find out what the heck you're up to. Occasionally hunters have spied deer playing bloodhound, sniffing along a man's trail, tracking the tracker.

## THE CRAFTY POODLE

Mark Hager, of Williamson, West Virginia, tells the following yarn of a clever dog.

"A soldier, about to leave for overseas, was thinking of his wife and two hound dogs back home. He remembered how his wife hated the two hounds and wondered if she would remember to feed them. Also remembering that she had always wanted a poodle dog, and thinking it would remind her to feed his hounds, he shipped her a poodle before sailing.

"Returning after the war he found the poodle fat and slick, but his two hounds were starved and nearly run to death. Yet his wife said she had thrown out bones and biscuits to hounds and poodle alike, which the veteran doubted until he fed the dogs himself.

"The hounds made a good start. They leaped and took the bones and cold biscuits out of the air. The poodle ran off. But the hounds had no more than settled to gnaw and eat when the poodle cut loose to yapping out in the thickets.

"The hounds, thinking the poodle had jumped a rabbit, dropped bones and biscuits and joined the chase.

"The poodle darted back into the yard, got the bones and biscuits and carried them into the garden between the palings of the fence. After an hour's false chase, the hounds returned and lay down by the garden fence, their mouths watering as they watched the poodle dog gnaw the juicy bones."

## DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT

When Bosun Jenkins (he never got higher than Seaman Second) came home from the Navy he brought a parrot named Slug with him. The bird could speak five languages, sing the Toreador Song and play blackjack like a busted corporal. The parrot took over the farm like a mortgage-holder, gave the roosters foot drill, learned to call the hogs, and lectured to the hired hands on the Chinese situation. And somehow he found time to leave the farm on long, mysterious absences, which he never explained. Slug was a busy, intelligent parrot.

Come autumn, Jenkins decided to hunt pheasant on his back forty. He was walking through some brush when six voices said: "Run like heck, girls, that sailor's coming this way."

Bosun couldn't see anyone, but two new voices in the thicket began to cuss him in Arabic and Portuguese. A pheasant flew up in front of him, but before he could get his gun up the bird cried: "Where's your license?" By the time he got his license out the pheasant was gone. But a big cock bird jumped out from under his feet and the old shotgun came up automatically.

"Hold your fire!" the pheasant yelled, and Jenkins was so flabbergasted he didn't pull the trigger. By now he had an idea what his parrot had been doing on his mysterious absences and he stormed out of the woods for home, followed by jeers of "Man overboard!" and "All hands muster on the fantail to repel invaders!"

Jenkins had a good dish of parrot soup that night, but it was two years before the pheasants around there forgot all Slug had taught them, and to this day you can occasionally raise a pheasant with a fat, curved green beak and a cry that sounds a little like "Now hear there!"

— THE END





# LEGION NEWSLETTER

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

December, 1948

"MEMBERSHIP RUSH OF '49:" Built around the idea of the big gold rush to California a century ago, the Legion's campaign for the enrollment of 1949 members started off with a bang....The ambitious goal of 3,000,000 paid-up '49ers by New Year's Day as the curtain raiser for an all-time high membership has sparked the drive to the proportions of a crusade throughout the organization....Since the plan was broached in September membership workers in Posts have become "prospectors" and have been "panning out nuggets" by the thousands....National Headquarters reports that these prospectors have been using every known method -- and a lot of new ones -- to build the greatest advance membership in the 30 year history of the Legion....

The plan of operation fixes four "stampede" dates with set objectives: Posts were called upon to enroll 49 percent of their 1948 membership by Armistice Day and another 49 percent for '49 by Thanksgiving Day....With this accomplished, and a heck of a lot of the 17,200 Posts did it, December becomes the mopping-up month when the old wagon train will roll across the plains to the final objective....Two red-letter days are set: "Good Neighbor Day" on December 7th, when all of the re-enrollment problems are to be solved and Legionnaire "prospectors" are to make "good neighbor" visitations to veterans in their own communities, continuing the personal and social method of membership solicitation....All this builds up to the fourth and final phase of the drive on Christmas Day, when Santa Claus stockings will be stuffed with cards by Posts and sent to Department Headquarters as Christmas gifts to the Department Commander....It's a tremendously big thing -- just as the Gold Rush of '49 was tremendous, thrilling, and history-making -- and a big undertaking, but as planned the whole campaign will care for the membership problem in two months, leaving the other ten open to give undivided attention to the constructive plans, projects and programs of the world's largest and greatest organization of war veterans.

Special awards have been designed for "prospectors," and for Posts that reach the goal and are able to certify that on December 31 a full 100 percent of 1948 membership has been enrolled for 1949....Individual members who get out as "prospectors" and do their digging early, who sign up a minimum of 30 members, will be rewarded by membership in the exclusive "'49-er Club"....An Honor Ribbon to be affixed to the top of the Post's Legion

banner, will be awarded the local outfit that completes 100 percent enrollment by the end of the year....The Departments are not overlooked: the General John J. Pershing Award, a special banner in Legion blue with gold lettering, will be presented to the Department having the greatest percentage of Honor Ribbon Posts....The days are growing short and time is of the essence....National Headquarters urges the fullest participation in the drive: the want and need of 3,000,000 members by December 31 cannot be stressed too strongly.

\* \* \* \*

NSLI POLICIES: VA has begun issuance of printed policies, containing all the terms of the contract, to holders of National Service Life Insurance....Delivery of the printed contract has been held up for various reasons....The first policies will be issued to new applicants and to those who renew their term insurance....Veterans who have converted to permanent forms of insurance will be served just as quickly as VA manpower and the supply of forms permit.

\* \* \* \*

LAST CMH AWARDED: The Army has acted on all pending recommendations and has named the last WW2 Medal of Honor winner. The last award, posthumous, was made to Staff Sergeant John W. Minick, 3rd Battalion, 121st Infantry Regiment, who led his platoon through an enemy minefield near Hurtgen, Germany, on November 21, 1944....Official presentation will be made to his widow who lives at Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania....The Army awarded 292 Medals of Honor, the Navy, 137, for conspicuous gallantry "above and beyond the call of duty" in WW2....The award is the highest decoration our Government can bestow....A total of 3,032 such awards have been made by the Army and Navy since the decoration was authorized in 1861....Only comparable decoration is Britain's Victoria Cross, established in 1856 at close of the Crimean War, with a total of 1,334 winners.

\* \* \* \*

SEVEN LEGIONNAIRE BROTHERS: The seven Orsini brothers of Altamont, New York, were separated in service during WW2, in fact the Orsini family was represented in every major theater....Edward and Joseph were in the Navy; Millard, Michael, and Nicholas, were in the Army, and Henry and Ernest served with the Air Forces....Millard survived the Death March after the fall of Bataan....Now that the shootin' war is over the Orsinis are all back in their home community, and all are members of Helderberg Post No. 977, at Altamont.... (Continued on next page)



HONORED FOR EMPLOYING DISABLED: Climaxing the week of October 3-9, designated by President Truman as "Employ the Physically Handicapped Week," officials of the Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York, were honored at a dinner....This company was chosen as the "outstanding employer of physically handicapped veterans in the State of New York" after a state-wide survey....The Corporation employs 3,252 persons of whom nearly 40 percent are WW2 veterans. Of these 340 were classified as "disabled" in varying degrees.

\* \* \* \*

INCOME TAX REFUNDS: Dependents of deceased WW2 veterans receiving compensation benefits from VA will receive notice of possible entitlement to income tax refunds and of the necessity of applying for them before the end of this year....Refunds were authorized by Public Law 367, 80th Congress, applying to certain income taxes of veterans who died while in active service between December 7, 1941, and December 31, 1947.... As most members of the armed forces, particularly enlisted men, were exempt from income tax under special wartime law, dependents are cautioned to make sure that taxes were actually paid before seeking refunds.

\* \* \* \*

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER: Dual sponsors of the international band of Calais and Milltown, Maine, and St. Stephen and Milltown, New Brunswick, are the Calais Post, American Legion, and St. Stephen Branch, Canadian Legion....The 38-man band is about evenly divided, Americans and Canadians, and displays both the U.S. and British flags when it turns out for official functions under the auspices of either Legion unit....St. Helens, Oregon, will name all new streets in honor of its citizens who died in service in WW2....Columbia Post No. 42 of the Legion compiled the list of names to be honored, the first two were selected by lot, drawn by Mayor Glenn Leemon....That's a good idea for other Posts to suggest to their city fathers.

\* \* \* \*

POSTITEMS: Edward F. Byrne, Chairman, reports that North Sacramento (California) Post No. 447 sponsors an active unit of the Boys' Clubs of America and that the Post's Junior Baseball team is drawn from the Club membership....Lysle Richel Post No. 68 of Hutchinson, Kansas, swings into the bowling season with a Post league of eight teams of five men each. The members are equipped with uniform shirts, with proper team designation, at the expense of the Post.... The 417 Posts of Cook County, Illinois, (which includes Chicago) have provided military honors for 1,221 of the 1,827 WW2 dead returned to that area for reburial.... The late Legionnaire Joseph Millstein bequeathed \$2,000 to the child welfare fund of Van Buren Post No. 401, Chicago, Illinois, of which he was a member.

PERSONALITIES: Husband and wife teams as Post Commander and Auxiliary President are not unusual in the Legion. Long Branch (New Jersey) Post No. 44 departed from the routine by installing a mother and son team: 28-year-old G. Francis Golden as Commander and his mother, Mrs. Lida Golden as Auxiliary President....Leo T. Mulva, Whiting, Indiana, picked a permanent job when he took over as Adjutant of Whiting Post No. 80 at the organization meeting back in 1919. When the 1949 officers were elected a full complement of WW2 veterans took over, with one exception--Adjutant Mulva was the unanimous choice and now starts his 30th consecutive year....Mention of that old American Legion, organized for national defense in 1914, in the September Newsletter brought response. Six-star Legionnaire Pennock S. Broomall, Frederick A. Scott Post No. 77, Crum Lynne, Pennsylvania, suggests a roll call of surviving members. This old Legion, some statements to the contrary notwithstanding, transferred its legal name to the new American Legion soon after organization, and most of those eligible became members of the new outfit.

\* \* \* \*

CHIPS: Winners of military decorations in WW2 may obtain certificates attesting to the award by writing Major General Edward F. Whitsell, The Adjutant General, Department of the Army, Washington, D. C. Requests for the diplomas should state number, date and headquarters of the GO awarding the decoration, with service number, identifying data, and copies of the orders and citations, if available. Nearly 1,000,000 service men and women are entitled to the diplomas....Civil Service Commission reports that about 45 percent of all Federal employes are veterans, the totals are given as 846,001 vets out of 1,895,448... Illinois State bonus payments to vets of WW2 have climbed up to \$227,777,019. Checks have been sent to 750,798 eligible veterans and dependents....The Navy has junked its wartime battleship Gray uniform introduced by Admiral Ernest King. Officers may wear out their present supplies while on sea duty, and reserves can put them on for short training and drills. But next October they'll be out for all wear.

\* \* \* \*

NON-SERVICE CONNECTED DISABILITY PENSION: Service Officers, attention...National Rehabilitation Director T. O. Kraabel announces that Extension 5, 1945 schedule for rating disabilities of WW1 and WW2 vets provides liberal changes in evaluating disabilities for purposes of the permanent and total non-service connected disability pension...This Extension, issued just before the Miami National Convention, embodies many of the points that the National Rehabilitation staff has been advocating for the past year...Director Kraabel believes that this change will favorably affect many worthy cases that have thus far been disallowed, and recommends careful study of new provisions.



# Painless Charity

Workers at the Waltham Watch plant got tired of a procession of fund-raisers.

By GORDON ATKINS

**W**HAT, ANOTHER CHARITY?" squawked the man at the bench. "I'm getting sick and tired of this being touched every time I turn around. Five bucks for that, two bucks for this, a dollar's worth of Christmas seals. Isn't it ever going to stop?"

Some twenty-three hundred fellow employees of the Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass., agreed the guy was right. Ever since raising money became big business, the factory worker has been the chief target of organized charity.

Standing nearby when the complainant uttered his protest was Walter W. Cenerazzo, national president of the Watch Workers' Union. It hit him squarely between the eyes. Walter, you see, believes that folks shouldn't be forced to do things against their will — including joining the union.



Walter W. Cenerazzo feels strongly about giving. "A guy's got to want to."

That's not the way he operates.

"When it comes to giving," he says, "a guy's got to want to, like going to church. Not because he's afraid he'll lose his standing in the community or among his fellow workers, not by being forced to give."

He decided to find out how many others felt the same way as the out-

spoken bench worker. Getting to the bottom of things is easy for Walter. Workers, and associates, love him. They know he's on the level and deals in no idle gossip. When illness or trouble strikes a worker's family or home he's there — like the rock of ages. He believes in organized charity, but he quickly discovered that it wasn't successful in a big plant like the Waltham Watch factory.

Only 30 percent of the employees gave voluntarily. Twenty percent contributed — grudgingly. The rest just hung on the sidelines.

That was six years ago. Today, they kick in 100 percent, all because the hard-hitting labor organizer Cenerazzo came up with an idea — the Waltham Watch Employees' Charitable Fund.

"That'll stop all these separate solicitations," he said. "It'll be a central fund. All requests will come into the fund headquarters and the various charities will be taken care of through this medium. All you workers have to do is contribute one day's pay per year — that's all!" (Continued on page 44)

The public is represented on the Fund by Rev. Timothy Howard, left, of St. Charles Church, and Rev. Alan L. Blocklock, right, of the Presbyterian Church. In the center is Raymond V. MacNally of the union.





## EVEN DOCTORS CATCH COLD

(Continued from page 15)

behind a hearty sneeze. Measurements have shown that one good sneeze can propel as many as 20,000 infected droplets of moisture into the air with a "muzzle" velocity of more than a hundred miles an hour! Many people are careful to cover their noses and mouths when they cough or sneeze. It's up to you to take evasive action when they don't. Of course, if he's a big guy, you can't bawl him out without running the risk of receiving an even worse injury to your nose. But you can ostentatiously cover your own face with your handkerchief for a few minutes. This will not only shame him without arousing his nose-punching instincts, but it will give you some protection by filtering out his deadly droplets until they have had a chance to settle.

Experiments have shown that the spread of colds can almost be stopped by sterilizing the air of schoolrooms, auditoriums, theatres, etc., by spraying a harmless (to humans) vapor into it. Even more dramatic are special electric lamps which emit ultra-violet rays. These "death-rays" kill both bacteria and viruses, but are harmless to people if properly used. While ultra-violet rays are useful in preventing colds by sterilizing air, neither sun lamps nor sun-bathing can kill the bugs after they get inside your body.

But surely a smart doctor can do a lot more about colds than simple things like these. Well, let's see.

In 1945, an impressive ceremony was held in Stockholm. Sweden's towering monarch, Gustav V, had to stoop slightly to present the Nobel prize for medicine to a quiet little man with white hair. There was a hush of expectancy in the distinguished audience. Everyone knew that this unassuming little man's contribution was the greatest of them all. He was Alexander Fleming—his gift to

mankind, penicillin, the wonder drug.

But when the time came for Dr. Fleming's acceptance it was obvious that something was wrong—very wrong. His voice sounded like it was being bubbled through pancake batter. Could it be that the mighty conqueror of pneumonia, septicemia, and a hundred other diseases was suffering from stage-fright? Not a chance. The great Dr. Fleming had a cold in the head! And he sniffled and gurgled and fumed even as you and I and Joe Doakes.

Science has split the atom, added 20 years to our life span, and given us wonder-drugs so powerful that we can thumb our noses at some of the most deadly disease germs. There must be some reason why it cringes meek and helpless before a trifling little ailment like the common cold.

There is a reason. Most colds are started, in the first place, not by germs but by viruses, who, like gremlins, won't be pushed around by anybody. Some viruses are only molecules of protein—unlike germs, they are not even cells. But there's a catch in it. They're *living molecules*, so tiny compared to bacteria that if you were reduced to the size of an ordinary germ, you'd still look like a giant to a virus.

But it isn't only their smallness that makes these pint-sized wretches so hard to deal with; it's their remarkable capacity for downright cussedness. Besides colds, viruses cause some of the most terrible diseases of man—smallpox, yellow fever, and infantile paralysis, to name only a few. It's almost unbelievable that their tiny bodies can hold so much wickedness.

Not long after a young Rockefeller Institute chemist, Wendell Stanley, found that he could turn viruses into crystals and back again without hurting them, someone discovered they could be killed just as easily as bacteria by exposure to formaldehyde and other antiseptics. And

they were really dead, too, dead as pickled anchovies. But, by further chemical treatment, the virus bounced right back to life again, without anybody even saying "abracadabra."

It's tricks like these that have convinced doctors that virus-gremlins won't play the game of life and death according to human rules. It's pretty clear now, after fifty years of research, that we'll never make any real progress in fighting them until we learn to play their way.

But the virus isn't the only culprit involved when you catch cold. After a few days, it dies off or finds a beachhead in the nose of your closest friend.

But are you over your cold? Not necessarily, for most colds are laid out in two or more sections—the virus stage and the bacterial phase. Bacteria are always lying around waiting for something (like physical exhaustion) to open the door to your system. When the viruses knock out your resistance and depart, the bacteria come along as a second assault wave. The long drawn-out misery which, after a week or so, turns your tortured mind to thoughts of self-destruction, is the work of bacteria which have seized their chance.

The soundest treatment of colds today is that which keeps your strength as high as possible during the virus stage, so that you may escape the second round of infection. Where the first and second stages do a good job of tearing you down you may be ripe for a third round of more serious bacterial and virus infections, such as "coughs," rheumatic fever, pneumonia, diphtheria, influenza or any of the number of respiratory and abdominal afflictions which many people loosely call grippe or flu. Sometimes these babies come right in as the second stage.

Most people who keep going with a cold until they are so sick they have to take time out are by then already in the second stage, which might have been prevented by earlier wisdom. And people



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who constantly over-fatigue themselves often escape colds entirely — they are so weak they go right into pneumonia or influenza without bothering with the formality of a cold.

If we're ever going to get rid of this cold pestilence, we're going to have to learn to take it seriously. Colds deprive us of 200,000,000 working days a year, at a cost of more than a billion dollars; yet there is no co-ordinated study of any kind going on in the whole field. A few investigators plug along following their own hunches. In the meantime, the rest of us pay through the nose.

But while we're waiting for a powerful research organization to train its 16-inch guns on the enemy, or for another Alexander Fleming to pull a hat-trick, we can put to good use the knowledge we already have. Here are a few do's and don'ts that will help:

**Don't wear long, heavy underwear** unless you're the kind of person who doesn't mind peeling it off in the vestibule of church or movie, or unless you remain outdoors all day. Better wear an extra-heavy overcoat that you can take off, or you'll sweat indoors and be damp when you come out, ready for a good chill.

**Do try "cold shots"** if your doctor recommends them for you. They are special vaccines made for colds and influenza, and do give some protection to some people. But don't be disappointed if they fail, for they miss almost as often as not.

**Don't take extra vitamins on your own advice.** Almost every vitamin in the alphabet, A, B, B complex, C and D has been in fashion as the "cold vitamin" at one time or another. But none of them does any good unless you are deficient in that particular vitamin.

**Do inhale moist air,** especially in the early stages of a cold. An old-fashioned teakettle is fine. If you have a vaporizer, use it as often as possible; but remember it's the moisture that helps — not the "medicated vapors."

**Don't have too good a time on Christmas or New Year's.** Better lock yourself in your room and read the Kinsey Report. Colds hit their peak during the holidays because most people lower their resistance then by losing sleep, over-eating, and over-drinking. During the hectic days between Christmas and New Year's, the most confirmed sour-pusses not only flock to crowded theatres and parties, but indulge in a lot of promiscuous kissing. Under the influence of the holiday spirit, people kiss people that they wouldn't nod to at any other time. There ought to be some way we could show our goodwill toward men without giving them a cold in the head. Even smaller holidays have an effect; more men come down with colds on Mondays than any other day. Monday, January 3d, 1949, will be the biggest feast day of the coming year for all the cold viruses and bacteria in the Christian world.

**Do drink a little red likker** and go to bed if you're a drinking man and feel a cold coming on. Grandfather's advice to hang your hat on the foot of the bed, and then take a bottle to bed with you and drink until you see two hats, held a grain of truth although it did carry a good

thing a little too far. A nip or two of your favorite grog in the early stages not only improves your morale but your whole peripheral circulation, including your nose. This means that it counteracts the damaging effects of a chill. But remember you don't have to get a whiskey blossom, and anything approaching a binge is about the worst thing you can do. The fatigue and depressed heartbeat which accompany a binge open the flood-gates of bugdom. A lot of alcohol has the opposite effect on your system of a little alcohol. It also warps your judgment so that you may go prancing around in a blizzard in your shirtsleeves.

Going to bed for a day or two will help you by giving you a rest; but use only enough cover for comfort. You can't "sweat out" a cold any more than you can sweat off an infected thumb.

**Don't take cathartics.** Of course, if you are really constipated, something may have to be done about it. But one survey in a large industrial plant showed that people who took cathartics to treat colds lost more time from work than those who left their bowels alone.

**Do cut down on your smoking,** especially if you have a sore throat, for smoke is irritating. But that's about all the effect tobacco has. Non-smokers have just about as many colds as smokers.

**Don't go on fancy diets.** There is no special food that can help a cold, and some may do harm by adding upset digestion to your woes. The adage, "stuff a cold but starve a fever" is doubletalk.

**Do take a mild pain-killer like aspirin;** it won't cure, but it will reduce the discomfort; and it makes you feel better by bringing down your fever. The only remedies that can really shorten the duration or reduce the severity of a cold are penicillin and sulfas; and neither of them are very reliable. They sometimes act by cutting short the bacterial phase; but their frequent use may sensitize you so that, later on, should you need them desperately for pneumonia or septicemia, you may not be able to take them. It's safer to consult your doctor about drugs.

**Don't sue me or gripe to the editor** if you "do" and "don't" all these things and still catch cold. They are only suggestions, and there is no money back guarantee with any of them. But there is an idea that I'd be willing to back.

The cold problem is a very complex one, demanding the study of a lot of different kinds of experts — bacteriologists, lighting experts, doctors, chemists, engineers, virus experts, architects, immunologists, etc. But experience has shown that they're not likely to get any place as long as each works on his own without the help and advice of the others. What we need is an all-out cold war, something like that waged by the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation.

Now here's the idea. If somebody would start a Common Cold Foundation and each of us would put 10¢ in the kitty every time we had a cold, to support an organized campaign, there'd be \$40,000,000 a year to spend. You can buy a lot of research with that kind of money.

Anyway, I'd bet a dime it would work. Any takers?

THE END

## THE LIFE OF A BASKETBALL GIANT

(Continued from page 21)

his coach, "Mister Hickey," and he calls all older people "sir."

When I visited him, he was just finishing up a Summer-long stint as athletic director at a resort hotel in Fallsburg, New York. He looked as brown as a swimmer or a tennis player — both of which he was in his spare time. He was wearing a faded pair of khaki pants and a dilapidated T-shirt with "St. Louis



University" stenciled on it in barely legible blue ink.

He looked like a telephone pole poised above the ground before the workmen started banging it into the dirt. He looked awful big.

As we walked back to the hotel lounge, Ed looked around at the half-empty buildings and stared reflectively down the winding country highway. "I'll sure be glad to get home," he said.

I told him Bob Broeg, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch baseball writer, had asked me to give him his regards.

"Say that name again, will you?" he grinned. "Boy, it sounds like a breath of St. Louis!"

We settled down on an overstuffed sofa and Ed said my mentioning Broeg reminded him that he hoped the Cardinals could do better next year. "Baseball's a great game," he said. "I used to play it a little in the Summer, but I had to give it up. No good. I love to watch it, though."

I threw in a leading question. "How long have you been playing basketball?"

He leaned back in a corner of the sofa, his long legs stretched out in front of him. A lady started to walk across the center of the lobby and he sat up quickly and jerked his feet back. It was a good thing he did, because with those legs sticking out, the lady didn't have much room.

(Continued on page 36)





## Reviews of Important New Movies

By R. WILSON BROWN

### THE DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE

Warner Bros. Alexis Smith, Robert Douglas, Ted Donaldson. Director, Peter Godfrey.

This forceful story of the bitterness of divorce and its shattering effects on the mind and happiness of an adolescent (Donaldson) will try to capture the family spirit by being released on Christmas day. The film employs the technique of pre-



Ted Donaldson, Alexis Smith and Robert Douglas appear in Christopher Blake

sending the boy's day dream in which he sees what can happen if his father (Douglas) and his mother (Miss Smith) are divorced. It concludes with the boy entering into a conspiracy with the wise judge to keep the family united. It's the first U. S. film for the British Douglas, ex-officer of England's Navy Fleet Air Arm. It is a fitting role for 13-year-old Donaldson who is, as are his real-life parents, deeply religious and home-loving. Here, his bewilderment at his screen parents' unhappiness, which builds in agony and terror as contrasted to his early carefree life, gives the boy everything in dramatic range. Good for the entire family.

### MEXICAN HAYRIDE

A Universal-International film with Abbott & Costello, Virginia Grey, Charles Barton, director.

Costello, rotund citizen of Iowa who was bilked in a phoney oil deal, lands in Mexico on the trail of the bilker (Abbott) who scrambled the States and is now exploiting a girl toreador there. What happens is strictly the Abbott & Costello brand of slapstick which, surprising even to the trade, has turned out to be top box-office appeal. Particularly good are two situations: (1) what happens when Costello finds himself named Amigo Americano, a good-will ambassador; and (2) when he tries to escape arrest by running through the bull ring only to have several enraged bulls take out after him. Children, as well as adults, will get a kick out of this picture.

### EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED

R-K-O. Cary Grant, Franchot Tone, Diana Lynn. Don Hartman directing.

A perplexed small town shopgirl (Miss Lynn) goes to the city to snare herself a husband, concentrates on a contented baby-doctor bachelor (Grant), but gets involved with a wealthy playboy (Tone) who is also her employer. What happens is a fresh and lively approach to love on the supposition that a modern maiden intent upon matrimony can capture the man of her choice without inciting social censure. Because she won't take no for an answer, she lands in some very peculiar situations. Miss Lynn, who has been doing comedies since 1944, and Grant, an old-timer at humor, make a fine team. They give a fresh and buoyant performance. This is one we can recommend to all groups.

### THE PALEFACE

Paramount Technicolor: Bob Hope and Jane Russell. Norman McLeod, director.

It's Bob Hope's first Western and Jane Russell's most promising since *The Outlaw*. Hope is cast as a traveling correspondence-school dentist who becomes embroiled with a tough gun-totin' gal. She's an undercover government agent after a renegade gang, and Hope becomes her paleface bait to bring the men out a-shootin'. The time is 1870. A travesty on Wild West epics, it contains all the thrill-a-minute two-gun suspense plus the kind of original humor we've come to



Bob Hope is shown being scalped in Technicolor, in his latest, *Paleface*

expect from Hope. The Russell come-hither look gives the same kind of Hope-in-a-dither atmosphere as the famed Hope - Crosby - Lamour "Road" series. Technicolor adds much. And you'd never guess that the imposing scenery is phoney, filmed against a sky painted on 18,550 square feet of wall space. Recommended for those seeking complete relaxation and enjoyment.

(Continued from page 35)

"Since I was a kid," he said, "I've always been crazy about the game. I only played a few real games when I was in grade school, but I started to play seriously in high school." He watched my pencil moving across the paper. "St. Louis University High School, that is."

So there was one of the goon characteristics discounted already. The true goon is dragged into the game when he reaches physical maturity because the coach spots him walking around the school and latches on to him with a death grip. Nobody had to coax Macauley to play basketball. It was there all the time.

"I was always nuts about shooting baskets," he said. "Whenever I could get near a basket and a ball, I'd start in. It's a good thing, too, because I think shooting is the hardest thing to learn in basketball. The other things are hard, but shooting's the toughest. I'd hate to guess how many times I've heaved a ball at a basket, but it's plenty. When I was a freshman in high school, I had a late class, so I couldn't go out for the school team. But I'd beat it down to the gym every afternoon and stay there shootin' baskets until the janitor closed the place up and threw me out. Then the next year I was able to play on the team."

It was during his freshman year that Ed began to outstrip the other kids in height. "I was only fourteen that year," he said, "and I got to be six-four."

"Did the other guys kid you about it?"

He ran his fingers through his thick brown hair, naturally curly and at the moment a little on the uncombed side. "They sure did," he said, with emphasis. "Boy I heard all the standard gags a thousand times. You know, 'How's the air up there?' and 'I didn't know they piled it that high'—all that kind of stuff. But I got used to it."

He not only got used to it, he did something about it. Making the most of every inch, combining his inborn love and talent for the game with the advantage that went with his giraffe-like proportions, he studied and practiced and struggled until he was the greatest player in collegiate basketball. "They don't kid me much about it any more," he said, with satisfaction.

Individual basketball players are by no means as well known as, say, baseball players. But the game is gaining popularity faster than you can keep track of it these days, and wherever it's played, people know of Easy Ed Macauley. Wherever he plays, with his high-powered, fast-breaking Billikens, you have to get tickets early because it's a sell-out.

Yet, if the men of little faith who wanted to bar the big boys from the game had had their way, Ed never would have had the chance to do the great things he has done. He would have been locked out of the gym because there were too many inches on his 185-pound frame.

Opposition to unusually tall men is not sporadic or haphazard in basketball councils. It's a steady drive, an insistent clamor that refuses to be stilled. It's a careful, stubborn campaign that already has resulted in numerous specific ob-



stacles being placed in the path of the big man.

For instance, the rule that prevents a player from standing in the area in front of the basket known as the free-throw lane more than three seconds, was put on the books in 1935 to hamper the big fellow. It prevents him from setting up shop in the most favorable part of the court, right in front of the basket, where he could take his passes, pivot, and let fly with almost mechanical precision.

The center jump after each basket was eliminated in 1937. Instead of jumping for the ball after every basket, the team just scored-against is given possession. In the old days, a team with an exceptionally elongated center could control the tap most of the time, although you'll always see shorter centers — like George



# From where I sit by Joe Marsh

## Your Most Important Right

Now that the bandstand has been painted, and the park re-landscaped, we have about the nicest village green in the county.

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*Folks can thank themselves that on summer evenings they'll be able to listen to band concerts in a well-kept park . . . enjoying a bottle of beer or soda pop (whichever they prefer). Because from where I sit, that's a freedom they've earned by exercising a still more important freedom: Voting!*

*Joe Marsh*

### A WALLGREN BOUQUET



(From Dec. 1934 A.L.M.)

Kaftan of Holy Cross — who can outjump less agile rivals despite the most awesome height handicaps.

Goal-tending, the practice of using a big man to bat the opposition's shots out of the way just before they hit the basket, was outlawed in 1944.

Also in 1944, the rulemakers decreed that a player could collect five personal fouls before being tossed out of the game. Previously, the limit was four. The change was made largely to aid the smaller player, who so frequently resorts to illegal tactics to stop the big fellow.

There have, of course, been numerous other proposals, ranging from the reasonable to the hysterical, all with the single purpose of curbing the effectiveness of the tall man.

Phog Allen, the famous Kansas coach, has for years agitated to have the basket raised from 10 to 12 feet off the floor.

Julian Rice, a New York lawyer who specializes in advocating rule changes in American sports, wants the foul lane widened from six to twelve feet and the three-second rule enforced in the whole area.

Paul Mooney, the ex-Columbia coach, urged that the backboards be eliminated on the grounds that then the big boys wouldn't be able to tap in rebounds.



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George Keogan, former Notre Dame coach, thought the rule requiring the ball to be advanced beyond midcourt by the attacking team within 10 seconds after gaining possession should be abolished. "It just means the behemoths can stand in their half of the court and wait for you, secure in the knowledge that the attacking team has to come to them," he contended. "It lets them set up a defense at their leisure. It practically gives them the game."

Many an opponent of the tall man has yelled for the outlawing of the zone defense, which is extremely difficult to circumvent when it is operated by extra-tall players.

Of course, a lot of the hullabaloo was raised during the war years, when the non-draftable skyscrapers popped up on courts all over the country. The alarmists forgot that the goons looked terrific only because all the good little men were off packing rifles.

Not all coaches, by a long shot, have succumbed to the hysteria. Most of them, in fact, are content to expend their energies contriving new methods of combating the beanstalks within the framework of the present rules. And many, like John Bunn, who coached the immortal Hank Luisetti at Stanford and is now basketball coach at Springfield College, where the game is akin to a religion, view the excitement with tolerant eyes.

"In my opinion," says Mr. Bunn, "it is to the everlasting credit of basketball that the tall boy can find through this sport an outlet for his athletic ambitions. What other sport can do as much for the tall, skinny boy?"

John Lardner, the famous sports humorist, concluded in one of his biting essays, "I have toyed with two possible remedies. (1) to make players more than 6-6 play on their knees from start to finish and (2) to post an anti-aircraft gunner with a 50-caliber machine gun over the basket to keep the big fellows at their distance."

To many observers, it would seem a

pity if the legislators went too far in their efforts to place artificial restrictions on players of unusual height. When you start tampering with natural competition, you never know where you're going to stop. The next move might be to bar all players able to make better than 50 per cent of their shots.

Bob Kurland, of the fabulous Phillips Oilers, stands seven feet, one inch, and is a wonderful basketball player. Elmore Morgenthaler, of the New Mexico School of Mines, Boston College, the Boston Celtics, the Providence Steamrollers, and the Philadelphia Sphas, also stands seven feet, one inch, and is an extremely poor basketball player. The point is that for every Morgenthaler there's a Kurland, for every clumsy Harry Boykoff there's a brilliant George Mikan.

For every goon, in other words, there's an Ed Macauley, intelligent, agile, gifted, playing the whole game and not just part of it, fitting smoothly into the machinery of the team instead of forcing the team to adapt itself painfully to him.

It's interesting to note what Nat Holman, the famous coach of City College of New York and Original Celtics' star, has to say about Macauley. Holman is a relentless advocate of the old-fashioned fake-and-dribble, give-and-go style of basketball, of an offense built around snappy passwork and clever maneuvering. He is no friend of the goon, wouldn't have one on his squad. Of the St. Louis stalwart, he says, "Macauley operates on a team basis. He's constantly on the lookout to assist his players whenever they cut through for their basket."

Nat knows what he's talking about when he accuses Macauley of being a great team man. Even in his conversation, the young giant hates to go on at length about himself. He'll steer the talk around to his teammates, to Marv Schatzman and Lou Lehman and Bob Schmidt and Joe Ossola, every time he can. And when he plays the pivot during a game, he drives Coach Hickey wild by persistently throwing three passes for every

## GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



shot he takes. He doesn't want the boys to think he's trying to hog the show.

Ed was 16 the year he graduated from high school, after helping his team win the consolation tournament at the state championships, and he thought the thing he wanted most in the world was to go to Notre Dame. The only boy in a family of three children, he was determined to get a college degree and equally determined to be a successful player. A Roman Catholic, he figured the best way to combine his ambitions was to enroll at the famous South Bend institution.

"But one day I went down to St. Louis U. to talk to Dukes Duford, who was the athletic director then," says Ed. "He was the head football coach, too—and, boy, could he talk! He was really a wonderful guy. All I can say is when I walked out of his office that day, I was sold. I never even saw Notre Dame."

Ed has a scholarship from the University, but he makes it very clear that it covers only his tuition. "No new cars or fancy apartments or anything like that," he said, grinning. "Jesuit colleges don't go in for that sort of stuff."

I asked him if he minded going to college so close to home, if he thought he was missing something by not going away. "No," he shook his head. "You see, my father used to be a lawyer in St. Louis, but he was hurt about 10 years ago in an accident and he's been home in retirement ever since. I like to see him as much as I can, and I like St. Louis. The town, I mean, as well as the

school. I've lived there all my life and—well, it's home to me."

He belongs to a fraternity, Theta Kappa Phi, but it's not the kind of a fraternity you read about in the magazines or see



in the movies. It's a national Catholic fraternity and the boys don't have a frat house or any such gaudy trimmings.

Which is all right by Ed, who is no professional collegian.

Studying for a B.S. degree with a major in history, Ed takes his education seriously because his principal ambition is to become a coach. "And if you coach in a Missouri high school," he points out, "you have to teach, too. So I've got to stay on the ball and watch my marks."

"Do you expect to start coaching right away after you graduate?"

"No," he said, quickly. "I figure I'd be crazy not to play some pro ball first. Cash in on all this publicity. There's a lot of money in pro basketball right now, and if I can get some of it, I'll be able to put some away to get married on. Besides, I'll learn a lot playing against those pros, and that'll make me a better coach."

Does that sound like a goon talking? This is a boy with his feet on the ground and his eyes straight ahead, with brains as well as inches to spare.

Before Macauley's sophomore year, St. Louis was anything but a national power in basketball. But that season, 1946-'47, the Billikens won 11 games and lost only one in sweeping to their first Missouri Valley Conference championship. They were coached by an insurance representative named John Flanigan, who had been prevailed upon to take the job on a part-time basis. The only game they lost in the Conference was to Creighton, coached by Ed Hickey.

The next year, Hickey was coaching at St. Louis. The insurance man, Flanigan,

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had decided to go back to his policies, riders, and claims.

Basketball was no longer a minor sport at the big University in the heart of St. Louis. It was hot stuff—and so was Easy Ed Macauley. The 15,000 students were definitely basketball-minded, yelling for their Billikens to grab another Conference title and go places nationally as well.

A funny thing happened. With Macauley, then a junior, coming into his own as the country's most magnificent center, drawing rave notices wherever he played, St. Louis earned universal recognition as one of the top college teams in the land, cementing its claim by capturing the coveted National Invitation Tournament title in Madison Square Garden at the close of the season. But the boys lost their Missouri Valley crown to Oklahoma A and M.

Still, they had arrived with a capital A. Ed grinned as he talked about the National Invitation. "To be perfectly frank with you," he said, "we went up to New York just hoping to maybe take Bowling Green in the first round. We felt awful good about beating Bowling Green and Western Kentucky, too, but when we licked NYU in the final, I'm telling you, we were the most surprised people in the Garden."

In that final game two good giants met face to face. Adolph Schayes, of NYU, stands six-seven. New Yorkers knew Schayes, all-city-center, was good as well as big, but they didn't know how good. Like Macauley, Schayes had been a team man all year, scoring mightily but passing, pivoting and taking the rebounds with the grace, ease, skill and aggressiveness no glandular freak can produce. Then, in the finals of the Invitation Tournament, he met Macauley—and the difference between the two was the difference between the teams. Good player that Schayes was, Ed Macauley was better. Adolph was outfitted, outpassed and outshot, and when the two went up for rebounds Macauley came down with

the ball most often. This was no circus side-show. The spectators knew they'd seen basketball, with two great players pitted against each other.

And then St. Louis University declined to enter the team in the Olympic try-outs. Studies came first, they said. So Easy Ed has no olive-wreath today.

He doesn't wear a hat either, but if he did he wouldn't have any trouble getting it on. He told me of the game in St. Louis in which the Billikens upset favored Holy Cross, NCAA champion. That tussle sent Ed up against George Kaftan, the spring-legged, catlike All-America center of the previous season. "I got about 10, I think," he said, when I asked him how he made out. "But Kaftan had about 13. Boy, I was scared stiff all night."

He meant it, too. Yet, at the end of the season, Macauley had displaced Kaftan as All-America center on the ratings put out by the Helms Athletic Foundation, the bible of basketball. And, in addition, he had won the Helms designation as "Player of the Year," outpointing such titans as Ralph Beard and Alex Groza of Kentucky, Bob Cousy and Kaftan of Holy Cross, Arnie Ferrin of Utah, and Tony Lavelli of Yale.

Since he gave up sandlot baseball, basketball has been Ed's only real sports interest. "I've been fooling around with tennis," he said, shaking his head sadly. "But I've got a lot to learn. Some day I'm gonna take up golf, when I can afford the lessons. That's a game I'd like to play."

"What do you do in your spare time home?"

He shrugged his lean shoulders. "Not much. Little things."

"Got a girl?"

He grinned, somewhat embarrassed. "Yes. Jackie Combs, her name is."

"Engaged?"

He scratched his head thoughtfully, then laughed again. "I guess you better leave that part blank," he said. He's been dating Jackie for three years, and it's



"We were doing so well ... a nice home in Connecticut, a new car, a maid twice a week, and you have to embezzle 200,000 dollars."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



obvious that he's thinking seriously of marriage, but you can't blame him for not wanting to put it down in black and white.

Jackie, incidentally, is an attractive five feet, four inches. It doesn't take a mathematician to figure out that there's exactly one and one-third feet between the tops of their heads when they step out on the dance floor.



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Ed likes to dance, by the way. He also likes to take his girl to pro basketball games, to hockey games, movies, and occasional houseparties. He gets a kick out of bridge, but he doesn't think he plays very well.

"Jackie and I are learning together," he grinned. "It's a source of a lot of trouble between us." When I started to write that down, he hastily assured me he was only kidding.

When I saw him, Ed was excited about having been picked as a cover subject by SPORT Magazine. "I was never on a magazine cover before," he said, boyishly. "LIFE took some pictures of me last year at school and they said I might make the cover if the pictures turned out and developments were favorable. I guess something wasn't favorable, because I haven't made it yet."

Macauley's pro ambitions aren't based entirely on a desire to sock away some money for wedded life. He'd like to help out his family, too. The Macauleys aren't rich. With his father laid up for so many years, the treasury isn't exactly weighted down with cash—and up to now Ed hasn't worked except at occasional jobs in the Summer. The family lives in the top floor of a two-family house, a rented apartment, half an hour's bus ride from the St. Louis campus. Some pro basketball money could go a long way toward making things easier for his folks.

Those are the kind of thoughts that run around in the head of this young man who'd be restrained from playing the game he loves, the game that has made him famous, if the professional goon-hunters had their way. When you

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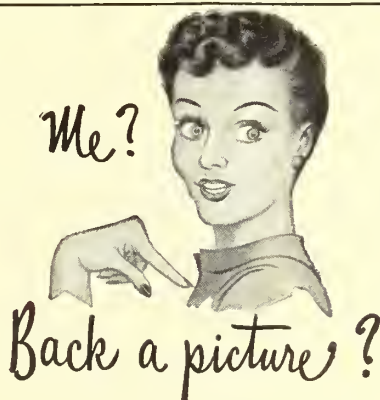


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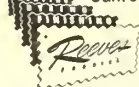
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hear or read some piece of propaganda designed to convince you that all basketball players over six-two are bumbling dullards with no sense of direction in their feet or their brains, remember him.

Remember the night St. Louis licked Bowling Green in the first round of the National Invitation Tournament last year. Macauley, the big guy, the high-scoring skyscraper, the kid who could be barred from the game by anti-height legislation, chalked up a mere four points while two opposition centers were alternating against him and accounting for 19 markers.

Did Macauley get yanked for poor play? He did not. Taking personal charge of the Billikens' fast-breaking attack, calmly directing its pace and tempo, flinging "thread-the-needle" passes to his

teammates with a rhythmic skill that had the Ohio greyhounds dragging their tongues on the polished hardwood floor, and charging the backboards like a football tackle in a reckless insistence upon getting hold of the ball at all costs, he proved once and for all that he was anything but a gawky, graceless goon, that he was invaluable even when he didn't propel the ball into the hoop with his customary ease.

He caused Lou Effrat, basketball reporter of the conservative New York Times, to ignore his failure to score and write ecstatically, "Macauley was superb. He gave another All-American performance."

Goons don't get praised when they don't score. But Ed Macauley is a basketball player.

THE END

## WILL YOUR JOB LEAVE TOWN?

(Continued from page 17)

which just can't pick up and move? Obviously, such manufacturers should be thinking in terms of plant protection. Many of them are. One has actually done something about it, and the factory he has built can serve as a pilot model for manufacturers who for economic or sociological reasons just can't move out into the country.

This is the new Springfield, Mass., plant of Smith & Wesson, Inc., manufacturer of revolvers. It had its inception in the mind of one man, and it was due largely to the dynamic will and personality of that one man that the model plant grew from a war-time dream to today's reality. The man is Carl R. Hellstrom, president of S. & W., who not only conceived the idea of the plant but also planned it in all its detail.

Born in Sweden, he is the son of a famous Rhodes Syndicate engineer who pioneered much of the vast South African empire building and who was a consultant on the building of our own Union Pacific Railroad. Like his father, Carl Hellstrom has contributed much to this country since he came here at the outbreak of World War I as engineer consultant to the French Commission. By 1917 young Hellstrom's work was so generally recognized in official circles that he was made assistant superintendent of Allied shell production. But as soon as this country entered the war he gave up his office job to join the United States Army. His services earned him U. S. citizenship and he joined The American Legion in the spring of 1919.

IN 1931 Hellstrom went with Smith & Wesson as research engineer. Progressing to general superintendent, works manager and vice president, two years ago he was elected president of the company—the first man so chosen who was not a member of the Wesson family.

While Hellstrom was works manager during the war he was faced with the task of gearing production from 100 revolvers a day to more than 1,000 in a plant which was turning out guns even before the Civil War. Something had to be done about the old factory, and Hellstrom lay awake nights working out the

basic plans for a new plant which would combine the most desirable features of factory construction.

IN HIS planning, however, Hellstrom went beyond traditional thinking. It wasn't enough to have the finest facilities for streamlined production and for the employees' needs. This plant had to be ahead of the times in providing for uninterrupted production and safety if, God forbid, there should ever be another war like the one then raging.

What Hellstrom started doing before V-J Day, and what he has now com-



"How can you say you have the wrong house when you haven't even tried?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

pleted, is just such a plant, an ideal war-and-peace combination which is beginning to change the thinking of government officials and industrialists. And this change of thinking is likely to mean a great deal to you.

Standing on the outskirts of the city, on the site of what once was a foul mosquito swamp, the new Smith & Wesson factory stands in sharp contrast to



other manufacturing plants nearby. Set back from the road, it is attractively designed and seems to be almost a part of a well-kept community park across the road from it. On one side is a large pond, and close-trimmed flat lawns surround it.

**B**UT SUCH features as these are not just for show. That pond is actually a reserve water supply, with millions of gallons available in case an emergency should interrupt the normal supply. And those lawns were not laid for appearance only but for a highly practical purpose. Actually they can be used as runways and can accommodate the largest bombers.

The most significant feature of the plant, however, you cannot see. Underneath the big buildings are huge chambers connected with passages, making this the country's first underground war plant. Normally, in peacetime, all work will be done above ground. But if ever we are in danger of attack, production machinery can be quickly moved to the subterranean chambers, which are fortress-like in their construction.

Anticipating as many emergencies as possible, Hellstrom planned accordingly. Electrical transformers, prime targets of any bomber, are underground and duplicated so that if one set is knocked out another can go into action. Huge supplies of fuel can be stored. Water, as we have said, is available from the reservoir. Duplicate power lines are available, com-

ing from different sources. The plant even has an emergency system of septic tanks, in case the sewers are knocked out. Gas-tight doors can seal off underground sections.

Now such a plant as this had been dreamed of by various planners, but the experts agreed that the cost would be prohibitive. By his own brand of engineering magic Hellstrom proved the experts wrong by building his bomb resistant plant at a cost of only \$6 a square foot. Since the usual cost of unprotected plant construction today ranges from \$6 to \$10 a foot, without the emergency provisions of the S. & W. plant, you can see that this comes close to being a miracle of engineering.

With the proof now before them, the planners are beginning to revise their thinking. One group of engineers after another has been visiting Springfield to study the plant, with a sprinkling of military officials thrown in for good measure. It seems inevitable that before long new plants will start rising based on the Hellstrom pattern. As they do, the chances of your job moving away will probably decrease.

**M**R. HELLSTROM, in fact, gave an excellent reason why many plants *can't* move even though strategic thinking might make a move desirable, if not necessary.

"We could not move from this area," he explained, "because this industry depends upon highly skilled workers. Some

manufacturers, those who can train workers in a short time, can move and pick up workers in almost any community. Here we have gunsmiths, a lot of them, and you can't train gunsmiths in a short time. If we had to move, many of our workers would stay in Springfield, since they could easily get jobs in other plants where their specialized skills would be valuable."

**T**HANKS TO Hellstrom's planning genius, the jobs at Smith & Wesson will never have to leave town. It is to be hoped that because of the example he has set, the jobs of many other workers in industrial areas won't move a thousand or more miles away.

And what do the workers think of the S. & W. method of solving the problem of plant vulnerability? I think the story can be told in a few statistics: The plant turnover during the last year has dropped to an all-time low—averaging less than three-tenths of one percent a month! And that figure includes deaths in a factory where the average age is abnormally high. Still another telling figure is evident in a growing number of applications for employment, despite the fact that jobs are not hard to find in that area. As this is written, S. & W. has more than 200 applications on file, though the company at present employs only 800 people.

The reason could be that these applicants want to work for a company which will unquestionably stay put. **THE END**

## BICYCLE QUIZ no. 2

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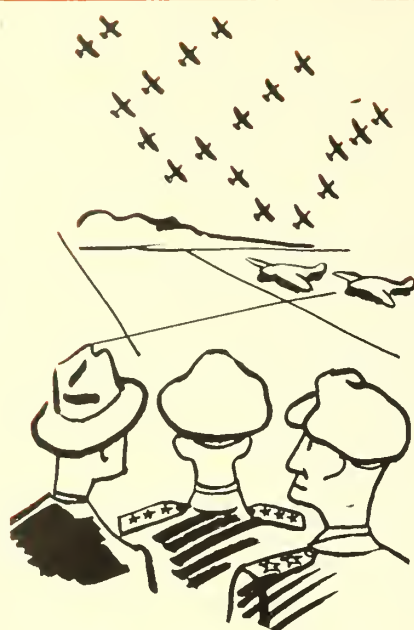
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## PAINLESS CHARITY

(Continued from page 33)



### A MESSAGE FOR VIPs

Shortly after the end of the war, my outfit, like every other outfit, was plagued by a continuous procession of official visitors, not all of whom were as important as they imagined. Almost every group, no matter how small, expected a parade, "now that the troops have nothing to do." And along with the parade they generally asked for a demonstration of our planes in a sort of private air show. All this would have been good clean fun if it weren't for the fact that a parade is hard work and readying a group of fighter planes for flight is not a casual undertaking. Especially if the outfit is trying to get set for that important cruise home.

One hot afternoon in July, after we had finished our part in one such parade for a group of VIPs, and had put the planes into the air, we relaxed in the shade of the hangar and prepared to watch the flying half of the show. This usually consisted of a simulated strafing attack by the whole group, at low altitude followed by some high altitude aerobatics. The aerobatics phase was an attention-holder while the rest of the planes flew off to form what was to be the grand finale of the show. This consisted of the entire group forming the letters "U.S.A." and then thundering over the reviewing stand. This had proved to be a sure-fire stunt and brought applause every time.

Today the program was the same. In the distance the letters "U.S.A." took shape and headed for the reviewing stand. The roar of engines pounded the air and everyone looked up expectantly.

And then it happened.

The beautifully executed "U.S.A." came apart and the planes slowly regrouped to spell out the word "NUTS." And then very solemnly reformed into "U.S.A." again.

— BY FRANK J. CLIFFORD

For 1947-48 distribution to 17 different agencies, \$19,040 was raised. None that any employee is particularly interested in is forgotten. All he need do is write in a request that either all or part of his contribution be given to a certain charitable agency or organization and it's done—pronto. More than that, any needy case anyone reports gets attention.

"It takes care of the middle-class man," says Cenerazzo, "who's exhausted his last nickel and is too darn proud to turn to charity. The guy next door hears about it. He comes to us, or tips us off. We go to the hospital where the guy's wife is a patient. It benefits from our fund. Or we go to the agency through which this man can best be helped and we take care of all the contacts. Save him embarrassment.

"The man makes \$55 per week, has three children. In his sick wife's absence, he hires a housekeeper to care for the home and children. All his savings, let's say \$1500, go to the hospital.

"As soon as we hear about it we swing into action—none of that red tape and monkey business. After contacting one of the hospital's trustees—who happens also to be on the Fund's board—we hustle to the hospital and get things in order."

The distressed husband gets his \$1500 returned.

"That," says Cenerazzo in a quiet voice, "is what free beds are for!"

The hospital isn't always to blame, he points out. They don't know the case. Maybe the man has Blue Cross or group insurance. But the former expires in 120 days and the latter in thirteen weeks. The man's wife needs care for five months. She gets it. And nobody knows anything about it. The Waltham Watch Employees' Charitable Fund works as silently as J. Edgar Hoover's lads.

**A**NOTHER TYPICAL case handled was that of the woman who lost her husband and fell into the most abject poverty. She was living proudly and miserably on bread and coffee. One day the woman in the next apartment told the story to a Waltham employee who tipped off the Fund. Investigation revealed that the deceased man had group insurance and that his widow was the beneficiary; that the widow had not applied for any of the social security benefits because she wasn't aware of their existence. This case, like many others, was not one of giving, but simply a matter of helping someone get straightened out.

The trustees of the Fund, accomplish in a matter of hours what most charities require weeks to do. They simply put their case before the workers and leave it up to them.

"Fellow members," they'll say, "this is going to be tough. Some of you may get sore. But why try to kid you about what's ahead? We're not going to kid you. So here it comes straight . . ."

Then follows the spiel in the kind of talk the men understand. The kind of trust that breeds confidence. They hash it over at steward's meetings, they print the story in the *American Watch Worker*,

which goes to every employee and at union meetings they bring out why they are giving to each charity or organization.

"They readily see the why of giving to the poor," Cenerazzo says, "But they can't get it into their heads, a lot of them, that it's also important to give to such groups as the Boy Scouts.

"That's where their kids and my kids learn to be good citizens. They learn to respect others' property rights, to be decent and honest. They're the gallon of prevention for juvenile delinquency and they're dollars saved out of the taxpayers' pockets. Only they need these things pointed out to them."

**T**HE ANNUAL report of this Fund isn't tucked away in the files "in case anyone wants to see what we're doing with their money." The trustees make it their business that the workers "see." They turn out an annual brochure entitled, "Your Trustees Report to You," which includes the declaration of trust, the accountants' statement, and the "thank you for your contribution" letters received from the Fund's beneficiaries.

Nobody does any shouting about making democracy work, but the whole spirit of the Fund is essentially democratic. Everybody gives, from the \$50,000-a-year president of the company, down to the humblest employee. The company pays for the fund printing of pledge cards and the annual report. Herbert K. Hallett, chairman of the board of directors of the Newton-Waltham Bank and Trust Company turns the bank board rooms over for Fund meetings, and serves on the committee.

The board of trustees reaches out into the community. Rev. Timothy Howard of St. Charles' Church in Waltham and Rev. Alan L. Blacklock of the Presbyterian Church represent the public. They wanted a rabbi on it, too, but when the Fund was organized the local Jewish spiritual Leader was in the armed forces.

"Non-denominational, of course," Cenerazzo emphasizes in loud terms. "We drive that home. We want no faith barriers. This is a united effort and creed or color doesn't enter into it."

Chairman of the board is William J. Banan, an attorney and Waltham city solicitor, who has given more than five years of legal service and advice free of any cost. Management is represented by Paul P. Johnson, president, Harold W. West, comptroller, and John F. Barker, works manager. Cenerazzo, Fred J. Dale, treasurer of the union, and Raymond V. MacNally, vice-president and business agent, represent labor.

"Everyone," boasts Cenerazzo, "serves for 'no'."

Waltham Watch Company employees are a local charity's dream. All the latter need do is deliver the red feathers, Christmas seals and window stickers to the Fund's headquarters and pick up their money. One hundred percent support without any headaches,—either for the agency or the employees. The Waltham Watch Employees Charitable Fund is their "aspirin."

THE END

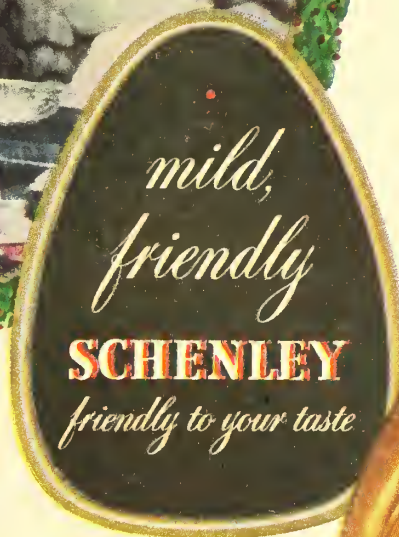


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From the world's largest reserve of fine, aged, American, pre-war whiskies... from a tradition of unequalled blending skill... better-tasting Schenley comes to you in handsome decanter or handy round bottle. In either, Schenley from the House of Aged Whiskies is yours to enjoy the year 'round.



RARE PRE-WAR QUALITY BLENDED WHISKEY

The straight whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 35% straight whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof. Copr. 1948, Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C.



## MIAMI, THE LEGION'S 30TH

(Continued from page 27)

thirtieth convention of the Legion the coverage it deserved as the annual meeting of the largest and by far the most important veterans' organization in all history.

NEARLY 400,000 people lined the parade route in downtown Miami along Flagler Street and Biscayne Boulevard on Tuesday of convention week to see the great Legion parade. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the parade got under way low-hanging clouds held a halfway promise of rain to come. But as the procession swung into action and passed the reviewing stand on the Boulevard the sun came out, and until it dropped, a blazing red, in the west there was no notion in the minds of paraders or spectators of what was to come.

For five hours the rain held off, and when it came it was at first a slight, misty drizzle that merely dropped the temperature from the high seventies of the afternoon to a pleasant 71—without discomfort. But then the heavens opened up and let the town have it. Floats, bands, drum corps, color guards and just plain marchers came on through it all, as parts of the street gushed with a swirling mass of water that at some places went over the ankles of the marchers. Through it all National Commander Jimmy O'Neil stayed on the reviewing stand, refusing shelter as he took the salute of every element in the parade that had the will to march past. Florida, the last Department in line, went the whole way.

OF ENTERTAINMENT features Miami offered the conventionnaire his choice in infinite variety. The most spectacular show was that put on in the famous Orange Bowl on the first night of the convention. With the floodlamps pouring a glaring white light down on the greensward the twelve best drum and bugle corps of the Legion strutted their stuff before some 35,000 shirt-sleeved spectators who had for free the extra added attraction of the gorgeous Moon-over-Miami celebrated in the popular song of a few years back. Here again history was made when the all-WW2 corps of Riverside, New Jersey romped off with first honors in a ding-dong battle that saw another Jersey corps, that representing Doremus Post of Hackensack, take second. The day before, the all-WW2 band of Harwood Post, Joliet, Ill., had been proclaimed national champion in its field for the third year in a row.

Half way through the evening's competition the field was cleared and into its center came a group of officials who were there to supervise the drawings for four 1949 Ford convertible automobiles offered by J. J. Seagram Post of the Department of New York, together with a Crosley-American all-electric kitchen with built-in television. Coupons for the Fords came from a double-page advertisement appearing solely in the September issue of *The American Legion Magazine*. On these pages also was carried the offer of the all-electric kitchen, the kitchen coupon

being offered again in the October issue. Contest officials reported a flood of coupons were addressed to the Miami office of the Legion Convention Corporation of Florida in accordance with the terms of the offer, and postal officials asserted that in the final stages of the contest a third of all mail coming into Miami consisted of contest entries.

PAST National Commander Ray Kelly of Michigan, blindfolded, drew out an entry form from each of four large cylinders into which the Ford entries had been stuffed. Through the luck of the draw the four winners were Legionnaires of Sardinia, Ohio, Chicago, Ill., New Bern, N. C., and Milwaukee. All four are veterans of World War Two. The all-electric kitchen went to the wife of a WW1 Legionnaire in Fayette, N. C. The ticket for this award was pulled out of a large box by Mrs. Lee W. Hutton, National President of the Auxiliary, who had been blindfolded. It was not necessary for contest entrants to be at the convention to win a prize.

Later in the week a Lustron prefabricated home offered by Schenley Post of the Department of New York was won by a Legionnaire of Stanley, N. C., President Joe Adams of the convention corporation drawing the winning coupon.

Though there was entertainment to fit the need or desire of any visitor, it was a hard working convention for those of the accredited delegates serving on the many standing committees and on the convention committees. Upward of 800 resolutions had come up to the convention from the various Department conventions. These were processed through to the appropriate convention committees, which averaged perhaps six to seven hours' deliberation before presenting the various recommendations in the form of proposed convention resolutions. For the most part these resolutions were accepted in the form originally presented, but occasionally a spirited battle developed over amendments from the floor or substitute resolutions similarly presented. A few of these prevailed, but most were defeated.

In the proceedings of the convention every accredited delegate had an opportunity to be heard. Microphones set up at various points in the hall were used frequently during consideration of resolutions and for roll call votes.

INVITATIONS from the city of Philadelphia and from Miami for the 1949 convention were received. Boston put in a tentative bid for the 1950 convention.

The convention went all-out in demanding that the communist party in this country be abolished, and asked for passage by Congress of the Mundt-Nixon anti-subversive bill, sought mobilization of Posts and citizens in each community to eliminate communist influence in the schools, and called for a fight against all subversive and divisive elements in the nation. It refused to allow the Legion to become embroiled in the current civil rights political disputes, noting that great

progress in these relations has been and is being made in all parts of the country, and recorded with pride its historic stand for constitutional human rights.

THE delegates voted down a proposal to increase the national per capita dues from one dollar to \$1.10 for all cards issued after Dec. 31, 1948.

In the space here available it is not possible to list in any detail the accomplishments of the four days' sessions running from Oct. 18th through the 21st. Long before you read these words you will have received your November copy of *The National Legionnaire* and your Post will have in its possession copies of the *Summary of Proceedings* carrying a full account of convention actions.

The 1948 convention was the culmination of a year's hard work of planning and execution by a large group of devoted Legionnaires and other citizens of Greater Miami and in fact all Florida, working under the extremely able direction of Joe H. Adams, President of The American Legion 1948 Convention Corporation of Florida, and Edward McGrail, Convention Director. The volunteer workers ranged from Gov. Millard Caldwell down through the three mayors of the Greater Miami region to the corner storekeeper and policeman.

A word should be said here for the efficient policing arrangements carried out during the convention by the uniformed forces of the law and the efficient service corps of Legionnaires who co-operated with them. It was the consensus of visiting Legionnaires that the camp followers who infest every convention in the land found in this one but little scope for their off-color actions.

ON THE final day a group of handicapped patients from a nearby Veterans Administration hospital put on a heart-warming exhibition of the skills they have acquired under VA instructors. The convention vociferously cheered these war veterans whose spirit has risen above their infirmities.

Jimmy O'Neil's stewardship as National Commander ended with banging of the gavel as the convention finally adjourned. Due to an early 1947 convention and a late one this year he had served as head of the Legion for a longer period than any of his predecessors, and he did a grand job under highly difficult conditions. An apology to him is called for in this space, as but a handful of the distinguished guests of the convention have been noted. We are indeed sorry. A few who must be named, however, are John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, John L. Sullivan, Secretary of the Navy and a member of Jimmy's home town Post in Manchester, N. H., Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff, United States Air Force, Maj. Gen. Carl R. Gray, Jr., Administrator of Veterans Affairs, William Green, President, A. F. of L., Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers, and Morton Downey, Convention Soloist.

THE END





"Nice to be in a home where *everyone's* so well treated!"

Comes again the festive season . . .  
time of friendly firesides . . . Time  
of generous good cheer . . . when you  
wrap that gay gift carton of matchlessly  
mellow Calvert Reserve...and mark it for  
Bill . . . or Dad . . . or Uncle Ed. Calvert  
Reserve! . . . *there's* a gladsome greeting  
you'd like to *get* as well as *give*.  
'We call it "the season's best" . . . to you.



Clear Heads *Switch* to  
**Calvert Reserve**

*"the choicest you can give or serve"*



# CHRISTMAS GIFT

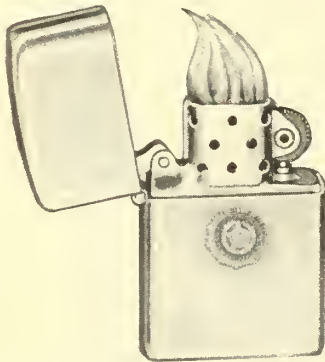
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**MEMBERSHIP BUTTONS**—Gold membership buttons make ideal Christmas gifts (Prices include Federal tax)

Prices	Midget	Regulation
10-K	\$2.82	\$3.54
14-K	4.32	5.40

If membership button with three-point diamond desired add \$15.00 (includes Federal Tax) to prices quoted.



**ZIPPO LIGHTER**—The G. I. favorite lighter. Lifetime guarantee. Price—\$3.25



**STYLE 15**—10-K yellow gold ring with hand-carved eagles on each side. Price \$19.20 (includes Federal Tax).

**PEN AND PENCIL SET**—There is nothing finer for a Christmas gift than a Sheaffer Statesman Set. Black only! Price—\$14.25



**NATIONAL EMBLEM SALES, Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana**  
Rush for Christmas, the following items:

12M48

☐ Ship C.O.D. for \$..... ☐ Check for \$.....enclosed.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Serial number of my 1949 membership card is.....



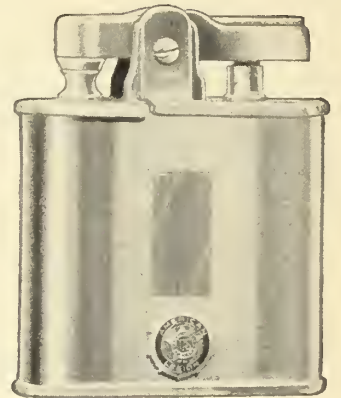
**NO. 3623 BILLFOLD**—Iceland grain sealskin. Black. Secret currency pocket, duplicate key pockets, sliding card pocket. Price—\$9.12 (includes Federal Tax).



**STYLE 22**—18-K green gold laurel leaf inlay design on 10-K yellow gold ring. Price (includes Federal Tax). \$34.20



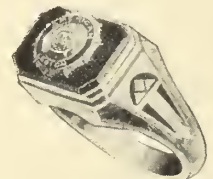
**TIE CHAIN H-1**—1/20 12-K yellow gold filled. Tie chains are a year 'round necessity. Price (includes Federal Tax). \$2.52



**NO. 6430**—Ronson non-tarnishing chromium finish lighter. Full size model with windshield. Price—\$8.25



**NO. 3655 BILLFOLD**—Steerhide. Hand colored in brown. Embossed cover. Secret currency pocket, duplicate key pockets, sliding card pocket. Price (includes Federal Tax). \$4.62



**STYLE 10**—10-K yellow gold ring with black onyx stone. Price (includes Federal Tax). \$24.90



**AUTO AND UTILITY ROBE**—100% wool robe, size 52" x 72", with plaid design in rich colors. Water repellent zipper case with shoulder strap. Price—\$10.65





### Ducking Vacationists

Two ex-Navy officers have rigged up lucrative businesses that enable them to go to sea every day—in fact, every twenty minutes.

The two are former Lt. (jg) Lamar Griffin, of the Navy Air Transport Command, and former Comdr. George Jacobs, who skippered the USS *Lumen*, an attack cargo ship. After swapping his uniform for civvies, Jacobs and his wife settled at Jacksonville Beach, Fla., and there he got the idea of taking vacationists on short sea-going trips on DUKW's. He bought one of the amphibians for \$400 and spent about \$800 to get it in condition. Soon afterwards, Griffin arrived on the scene and in 1947 they began operating "ducks" from the same beach.

The operators charge 50¢ a head and 32 passengers can be carried in the craft. The 20-minute trip provides a ride over the beach, through the surf, out into the Atlantic Ocean and back to the boardwalk. Jacobs carried approximately 9,500 passengers during the first season, 1947.

For the 1948 season, Griffin bought two "ducks" and set himself up independently. By midsummer he felt he needed another. Meanwhile Jacobs continues with his "Tuck's Duck," from a "port" near Griffin's.

Both operators, incidentally, are held in high esteem at the beach. They are credited with rescuing five persons including occupants of a swamped lifeguard boat when fierce winds hit the beach July 5, 1947. On another occasion one of the "ducks" drove ten miles offshore to save four boys swept to sea on a rubber raft and the four lifeguards who were seeking them in two boats.

BY BILL HARRELL

### Bookkeeping by Remote Control

When Thomas D. McGrain was mustered out of the Army he wanted to be his own boss. After much thought he decided to go into the accounting business.

However, McGrain's idea had a novel twist. He planned his accounting service to take care of the small businessman's bookkeeping problems—the fellow who can't afford a full-time bookkeeper. To

provide this service on the broadest scale possible, McGrain designed it so it could be handled by mail.

Operating from quarters in the Liberty Building, New Albany, Ind., his organization, called Bookkeeping By Mail, is handling enough business to keep four full-time workers busy, with two part-timers helping out. The businessman subscribing to the service sends them weekly all his sales tickets, cash register tapes, suppliers invoices and statements, a list of checks written, and other pertinent data. All this is processed, and the subscriber gets a regular report on his finances. For this service, rates start at \$16 a month for a business with an annual sales volume of \$25,000, and increases \$5 for each additional \$25,000 of sales.

With the venture now prospering, McGrain is planning to assist other veterans with accounting background to go into this business on a franchise basis.

BY HAROLD CLARK

### Mail Box Library

Miles Storm, a veteran of the first World War, looked down a gloomy road into a grim future. His heart was bad, preventing his return to the insurance business he had built and then given up to serve four years with the Red Cross. He had no other job waiting, and he was past 50, with a family to support.

Then, as he convalesced in an Army hospital, a remark made by the hospital librarian planted a seed in his mind. The librarian mentioned that all over the country there are thousands of booklovers who have no library service available.

Storm thought it over and came



up with an idea, the Mail Box Library. This is a lending library which operates by mail. Subscribers can select as many books as they want, and keep them as long as they want without paying fines. Today, Miles Storm has patrons throughout the country paying \$12 a year for this service.

The library is operated from Storm's home, 1933 S. Lake Cannon Drive, Winter Haven, Fla., having outgrown the trailer in which it started. Storm sends patrons, and prospective patrons, book lists containing hundreds of titles and the subscriber can select as many books as he likes.

"At the start, the first two books on his list are mailed to him, each in a separate carton. When he has read the first he returns it. As he starts the second, a third book is mailed to him. Thus, booklovers are never without reading matter.

BY C. S. LECKY



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In your Vindale trailer home you will find all the things that make a home really livable. Write today for free literature on both the 29 and 21 foot Vindales. Also Custom-Built Coaches

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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a FREE trial of the FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE, a preparation for temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter where you live or whether you have asthma in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. FRONTIER ASTHMA CO. 492-C FRONTIER BLDG. 462 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO 1, N. Y.



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IN THAT FAVORITE PAIR  
SEE YOUR SHOE REPAIRMAN

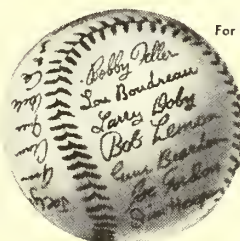
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EBERLE TANNING CO., WESTFIELD, PENNA.

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For any Major League  
baseball club.

\$2.00  
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Every player on team at time signatures were secured. Fill in name and address and mail clipping of entire ad with check or money order (no stamps) covering cost of ball (s) to:

AUTOGRAPHED BALL CO.  
607 W. Lexington Ave., High Point, N. C.  
PLEASE PRINT

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

Name of Baseball Club Desired \_\_\_\_\_





### THE SARGE

During the war, 210 husky GI's at Ellington Field, Texas, grew to hate their physical training instructor—a five-foot-seven Staff Sergeant who didn't know when to quit.

The Sarge was one of those characters who "won't make you do anything I can't do," and, true to type, could do everything! Gruelling push-ups, sit-ups, and every muscle-ripper in the book made the boys of that AAF Base Unit plenty sore at the Sarge.

In fact, for them, she could drop dead.

Yes, the Sergeant was a girl, 22-year-old Ricky Polim, an Air-Wac from Los Angeles. But if those same 210 GI's could see Ricky now, they'd make like a chow line at her dressing room. Gentlemen, your Sergeant is now a glamorous skater with the famous Ice Follies.

Today, Ricky Polim is the only woman veteran who went into professional skating, gliding to the top with the Follies. Ricky's pre-war hobby on flashing blades helped her earn four stripes when she joined the WAC. She became one of the few soldiers in skirts ever assigned to dish out calisthenics to men. Later, her Army experience and PT physique won her a job in show business.

Spotlights, applause and a skater's salary are fine, but Ricky is still in a Sad Sack situation. It all goes back to her days in khaki. After eight months of creating "aching backs" at Ellington Field, the pretty miss was shipped to Arkansas and given a brass drum to lug around. In the Wac band she sweated out reviews, parades and formal retreats... beating the bass until she felt like stomping holes in the damn thing.

Ricky's discharge ticket to civilian life sent her back to Los Angeles, where she cooled off on an indoor ice rink. Roy and Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson spotted her there, and promptly signed her for their show. Drums were forgotten. Ricky was thrilled, and she eagerly hurried down to the Arena for her first wonderful assignment. She was handed some brief kilts for the Scotch Lassie routine. Then they told her what they wanted her to do. Skate out onto the ice... *thumping a bass drum.*

—BY BOB ENSWORTH AND ROY RAY

## NOBODY WORKS ON CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 13)

I stared at the diamond. This was the fourth time I'd offered it to Paula. Finally I sighed and put it away. "Because I'm hard," I said. "Because I have no soul, no sentiment... Well, I just thought I'd ask, anyway. Now we'll drive."

In spite of the snow on the ground, it was a fine ride up to Connecticut. With the sun out, Christmas was a dazzling day, cold and exciting, and there were many cars on the parkways. As we drove, Paula asked me to tell her about Howard Gilson. She needed a fill-in to do a good camera job.

"It's a mystery story," I said. "For twenty-seven years he edited the *Wellsville Weekly News*, which he owns, and nobody ever heard of him. Then, early in 1945, he began to write editorials on national affairs. They were brilliant—hard-hitting, full of down-to-earth common sense. Other papers began to pick them up. A few have been reprinted all over the country. Howard Gilson has turned himself into a sort of William Allen White—a small town editor whose thoughts are quoted everywhere. Last year the President had him to lunch at the White House. I don't know why Stover made me fight so hard for an assignment to do his story. I think Gilson rates a story."

"Where's the mystery?" Paula asked.

"What changed Gilson from an unknown country editor to a national figure? How come, after twenty-seven years of colorless editing, that this man suddenly becomes a prophet? What's behind it?"

**W**E TALKED about that most of the way to Wellsville. It was noon when we drove into the town—a pretty New England village with a high steeple on its church and snow covering almost everything except the road. We were riding along the main street when Paula said, "Look! That sign!"

It hung over the entrance of a white clapboard house. It said:

AMERICAN LEGION  
Everett C. Gilson Post 160

"His son," Paula said in an awed voice. "He must have been quite a hero to have the post named after him."

"He was," I said, slowing down. "Volunteered to creep up on a German machine-gun nest and blow it out with grenades. He managed it, too—but they filled him with bullets. He died a few days later. When I knew him, he was a big, friendly guy with an easy grin." Paula looked at me curiously. I stopped the car before she could ask questions. "How about getting a shot of that sign?" I said. "While the light's good."

When she finished I drove her to the old store that was the office of the *Wellsville Weekly News*, and she took a few outside shots. From there I went to the cemetery behind the church.

"Everett Gilson, the son, is buried here," I said. "Maybe a picture of the grave—"

**P**AULA TURNED to me in dismay. "Charlie! Not on Christmas! It's bad enough to work, but let's not go into a graveyard on Christmas!"

I said, "Well, I phoned the American Legion commander here for general background information on the Gilsens. He told me a queer thing. Every Christmas morning the old man puts a package on his son's grave. A Christmas gift. If it's there now, I thought we might get a shot of it—"

"No! Not today! Haven't you any sentiment at all? Christmas is no day for—"

"All right, all right," I said, shrugging. "Forget it."

We pulled away, and after a while Paula asked, "What's in the package he puts on the grave?"

"Nobody seems to know... I'll ask Gilson."

The Gilsens turned out to be an unforgettable old couple. He was strong and heavy-lidded, with a thick mass of gray hair and a gentle smile full of wis-

### IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



dom. Mrs. Gilson was plump and motherly, with an even gentler smile. They welcomed Paula and me as if we were old friends, and we had a wonderful Christmas dinner. There was a tree in a corner, small but beautifully decorated. I hadn't felt so good about Christmas since the days my folks used to have their holiday on our Vermont farm—years ago, when I still had folks.

Of course, I had to tell the Gilsons about a few of the nights I'd spent with their son overseas, and they seemed to take every syllable to their hearts. It made Mrs. Gilson cry a little. But she got rid of the tears, and I decided I had told them all I could about Everett.

IT WASN'T till mid-afternoon, when we were all stuffed with turkey, that we settled down to talk about Howard Gilson. His wife said, "Let me tell the story. Howard skips too much."

Gilson chuckled as he lit a pipe. "All his life," his wife went on, "Howard would write nothing but editorials about local problems. Our son Everett used to argue with him day in and day out. He claimed his father had a brilliant mind and ought to assert himself on national affairs—"

"Now, Martha—" Gilson began, deprecatingly.

"I always agreed with Everett," she said, not even glancing at her husband. "Howard had important things to say, always. But he insisted a local paper ought to stick to local matters. He wouldn't budge from that position. And so nobody ever heard of him. But then—" Her voice softened. "Our Everett was shot in the Ardennes a short time before Christmas. He—sent us a last letter. He was too weak to write it himself, so he dictated it to somebody at the hospital. In that letter he said, very simply, the things that finally changed his father's point of view—changed his very life. After that letter came, Howard began to write of *national* problems—and he wrote with courage—and I guess you know what happened. It's made him the figure he should have been all his life.

WE WERE silent a while. Then I said to the old man, "I hear you place a package on Everett's grave every Christmas. I was wondering what's in it. Is that a secret?"

Gilson gazed at the flames in the fireplace. He puffed at his pipe for a time. "No, it's no secret," he said at last, "though it'll probably sound sentimental and a little foolish. Everett's last wish was that I write important editorials. So every year I have my editorials bound in a book and I put the book on his grave . . . so that he'll know."

I had to swallow. I glanced at Paula. Her eyes were wide and soft and understanding.

"That's beautiful," she said in a low voice. "This letter Everett sent—the letter you say changed the direction of your life—it must have been deeply moving."

Gilson nodded. He took the pipe from his mouth, gazed at it. "A simple letter," he said quietly. "I keep it framed in my study. Would you care to see it?"

"Oh, yes!"

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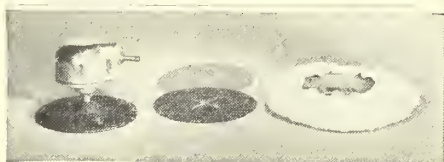
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 Send me a pair of "JUMP BOOTS."  
 Enclosed is check \_\_\_\_\_ Money Order \_\_\_\_\_ for \$9.95.  
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 Size and width of shoe \_\_\_\_\_ 125

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He went out of the room, big-boned, a trifle stooped, and presently he came back with the framed letter. Paula and I read it together:

Dear Mother and Dad,  
 It's almost Christmas, and I want to send you these wishes for happiness and health. In view of all that's happened to me, it's pretty hard to wish you a merry Christmas this year, but I can and do wish you one full of courage and high spirit.

A lot of fellows who face the end must ask themselves, as I've been doing, why they're giving up their lives. Why die in this war? Is there anything to be gained?

I'm lucky because I know the answer. I know dying is worth while when you die for a good cause. And who could have a better cause than mine? I have a Dad who lives by the freedom to say what's in his mind. I'm dying to perpetuate that freedom for him. It's my last Christmas gift to him, but he can use it forever—this American right to speak up freely and bravely for all the things he believes in.

Dad, I pray you'll use this gift for all it's worth. It would make me very happy to know you're making the most of it. It would lend point to my dying.

Love to you both,  
 Ev.

We looked at the letter a long time, in silence. It was scrawled in hasty long-hand. At last Howard Gilson took it away, and when he came back he said, "No, I couldn't waste a gift for which Everett paid with his life. That was clear. I had to make the most of this liberty to speak my mind. . . . I hope Everett is pleased."

I knew I had a story.

ON THE way back to New York, in darkness, Paula let me drive only a mile beyond Wellsville. Then she made me stop. I looked at her uneasily, wondering what was coming. The dashboard light threw a pale glow on her face; and I saw, with dismay, that there were tears in her eyes. I didn't want her to cry. I tried to protest.

"I'm all right," she said. "Charlie, that letter. . . . I understand now why you wanted so much to do this story. I've had enough of your scrawled notes to recognize the handwriting. You wrote it!"

I glanced away, feeling helpless.  
 "Tell me," Paula said. "How—how did it happen?"

"When I was a correspondent in the Ardennes," I said. "Everett Gilson and I got to be pretty good friends. He told me a lot about his father—how he believed the old man was wasting a great talent and a fine brain. The day I heard Everett had got it, I rushed to see him at the base hospital. He was too weak to talk. But he whispered something about a letter to his folks, a Christmas letter. I knew what was in his mind—that this would be his last word to them. So I wrote the kind of letter I thought he might have wanted to write himself. Everett never saw it. He lost consciousness while I was writing, and he didn't come to. But I felt I'd said what he

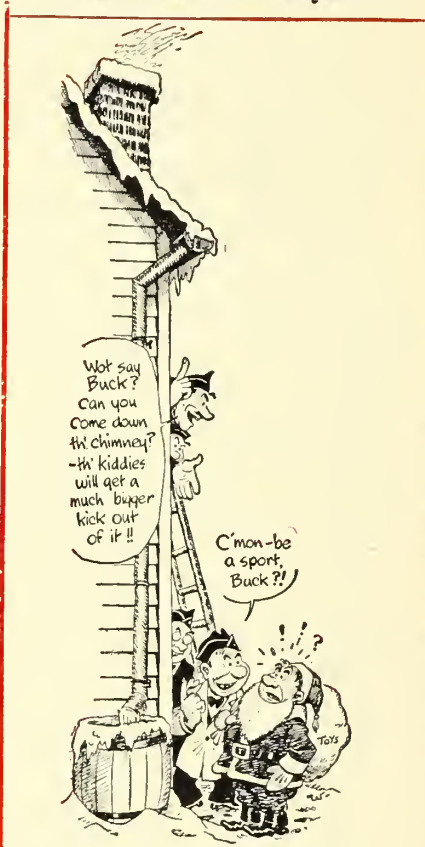
wanted to say at the end, and I sent the letter."

Paula's eyes were still full of tears. I didn't want to look at her then, but she pulled my face around. Her voice was shaky. "Charlie, do you realize you've made Howard Gilson?"

"No, he made himself. I just—"  
 "And you never even hinted to him that you'd written the letter—"

"It's better for him not to know," I said quickly. "Better to believe Everett

**A WALLGREN BOUQUET**



(From Dec. 1932 A.L.M.)

dictated it. As a matter of fact, I didn't want to say I'd seen Everett at the end. I—I didn't want to have to describe the way he looked."

**S**UDDENLY SHE kissed me. It was a surprising kiss, hard, right on the lips. It left me breathless.

"And I thought you had no sentiment in you," Paula whispered. "Oh, Charlie, Charlie. I've been such a fool!"

I stared at her. In that moment I knew what I had to do. I fumbled in a pocket, got the ring out again. "Honey," I said, "it's against my principles to ask the same thing more than once a day, but if you could try this on for size—"

Paula held out her hand. It was shaking. So was mine as I put the ring on her finger. It fitted perfectly. I said in a queer voice, "M-merry Christmas, honey."

"It's a wonderful Christmas!" she said, and then her face was buried against my chest. "The first Christmas I've ever worked, and—I'm glad you made me do it!"

THE END





### CAN YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD?

Following are the correct procedures to be followed in the situations pictured on page 19, as recommended by the National Safety Council:

1. *Someone swallows poison.*

Call a doctor. It is now considered best not to force vomiting in case of acid or alkali poisoning where retching might cause perforation. Acid should be neutralized with alkali such as baking soda and followed with milk. Alkali should be neutralized with a weak acid such as lemon juice or vinegar.

2. *A pan of grease starts blazing on the stove.*

Salt will smother it quickly. Don't throw water on burning grease since it will cause the grease to spatter.

3. *An electric wire breaks and falls in front of your house.*

Don't touch it and keep others away from it. Notify the power or telephone company. If you must move it to rescue a person use a dry stick or some other non-conductor, making certain that your body doesn't touch it or the victim.

4. *You smell escaping gas.*

Turn off burners immediately. See if pilot light is burning. Use a flashlight to find leak. If you cannot locate it open all windows and doors and call a qualified service man. If the leak seems large get out of house at once.

5. *A dog comes after you.*

Don't run. Face him. Make no surprising moves, particularly with your hands. Speak firmly but reassuringly to him. Usually, when he senses that you are not afraid, he will let you alone. However, if he should attack you, all you can do is fight back with whatever weapons are at hand, all the while protecting your throat and other vital areas he may go for.

6. *A child chokes on an object.*

Hold the child upside down by the heels and slap him sharply between the shoulder blades. This usually will work.

If a half-dozen slaps fail, open the child's mouth and try to bring the object out with a forefinger. Failing in this, get to a hospital or doctor as soon as possible.

7. *A wastebasket starts to blaze*

First move it away from other things which it may set on fire. Then put it out with water or a fire extinguisher. Inci-

dentally, have you a fire extinguisher in your home? If so, do you know how to use it?

8. *You wake up and find your bedroom full of smoke*

Your natural instincts will be to open the door and rush for the stairs. Don't! The hallway may be packed with gas and smoke which can drop you like a bullet. First feel the bedroom door. If it's cool open it slowly and if the hall seems safe leave. But if it's hot under no circumstances open it. If you can't escape through another room all you can do is wait for firemen or, as a last resort, jump.

9. *Someone gets a deep knife cut*

Call a doctor. While awaiting him stop the bleeding by pressure. If the bleeding is from an artery, as shown by spurting, apply pressure between the cut and the heart. If a vein has been cut, as shown by slow, steady bleeding, apply pressure at a point away from the heart. A tourniquet should only be used if bleeding cannot be stopped otherwise, and it should be loosened briefly every fifteen minutes till the doctor arrives. Treat all cuts, no matter how trivial, with an antiseptic and cover with a sterile dressing.

10. *The safety valve of your furnace "sounds off."*

Furnaces don't often blow up but this can be frightening. If you had your furnace checked before the heating season—which you should—the valve will be doing its job of relieving pressure. However, you can cool off the system by turning off the electric switch controlling the furnace, if you have a gas or oil burner. If you have a coal furnace, dampen it or dump the fire.

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## SOUND OFF!

(Continued from page 8)

### ANOTHER VIEW

In the September, 1948 issue of The American Legion Magazine, National Commander James F. O'Neil writes as follows:

"Going before a VA employee, an ex-GI is looked upon as a defendant. He is assumed to be guilty of wanting to dip into Uncle Sam's till to get money that doesn't belong to him. The VA man feels it's his duty to see that the vet doesn't get away with what he considers to be skulduggery. This would be bad enough, but the cards are stacked against the veteran, since the VA representative is also the judge and jury."

I should like to quote from instructions given me when I began my employment with the VA in 1946.

"The purpose of the Contact Service is to render every possible assistance to discharged members of the armed forces and their dependents, in obtaining benefits to which they may be entitled under the laws administered by the VA. The objective is to promote the prompt and efficient processing and adjudication of claims by advising and counseling claimants, beneficiaries, and other individuals."

"Accomplishing the purpose and objective of the Contact Service requires the exercise of initiative, resourcefulness, tact, and good judgment by the contact representative. . . . All personnel of the Contact Service must have a keen appreciation of the fact that the advice and assistance they give to veterans and their dependents may, and in most cases do, have a vital effect on the lives of these individuals."

Michael J. Tschida  
Glen Ullin, North Dakota

### FROM THE AUXILIARY

I joined the American Legion Auxiliary shortly after my brother returned from the Navy, and had been a member only a year when I was elected to serve as president of our local unit. Naturally, I was skeptical because I knew so little about the organization, although I had worked with various committees enough to know that it was certainly worthwhile. The older members offered their fullest cooperation, and suggested that I attend the State Convention in Little Rock this past August—which I did, along with two other girls.

Such a Convention! And what a thrill to hear all those reports of the accomplishments of the Auxiliary in Arkansas during the past year; as well as the plans for the future. It was all helpful, and so interesting to have had a direct part in selecting our new state officers.

As a teacher in the elementary school here, I am planning a much stronger program in Americanism right in my classroom this year.

Having attended the convention has made me much more confident, and not

so "scared" to act as president—in fact, I consider it a duty as well as an honor.

I am enclosing a snapshot of myself



which expresses my sentiment in regard to the National Convention!

Yours for a successful year,  
(Miss) Beulah Mae Wright  
Gravette, Arkansas

### THOSE MAM'SELLE PARODIES

In the October issue I read about our departed comrade Wallgren, known to all as Wally, and remember some of his gibes, as you have recorded. But I would like to make one objection. It's about that one to the tune of *Mademoiselle from Armentières*. In May, 1919 the old Italian freighter *Sophia* left Gibraltar for the U.S.A. with a good many of us aboard. Nineteen days later it arrived here. One day our cook (who burned more biscuits than any other man in the Army) came on deck and sang that ditty to these words:

The *Sophia* passed a ship today  
For the ship was going the other way.  
You credit it to Wally and say it happened  
on the Pretoria.

Archie Keith  
Moose Lake, Minn.

▼ The parodies to that famous song ran into the hundreds of thousands, of course. We used to know a fellow who could rattle off two hundred verses without stopping for breath, and twenty-five verses at a time were not unusual. Wally originated a great many things, and who is to say that he wasn't the first with that one? Not Archie Keith, a good guy, who finishes up his letter: "If you have proof that I'm wrong I'll accept a calling down."

Editors

### THAT ANTI-COMMUNIST AFFIDAVIT

So very much has been said, written, and stated about the Taft-Hartley Labor Law being just and fair, that I am afraid that I will have to express the opinion that Section 9 (h) of this is one of the

most unfair and outrageous laws that could ever be brought before the eyes of the public, and I should say personally I believe it to be the most unconstitutional law that I have ever heard of or ever expect to hear of.

Section 9 (h) of the Taft-Hartley Labor Law reads as follows: Anti-Communist Affidavit—

"I am not a member of the Communist Party or affiliated with such party. I do not believe in and I am not a member of nor do I support any organization that believes in or teaches the overthrow of the United States Government by force or by any illegal or unconstitutional methods."

I myself am not a communist, nor do I as a veteran of World War II believe that I should be compelled to sign such an affidavit, even tho I hold a high office within a labor union.

I am a veteran of the U. S. Regular Army. I served my country in the Armed Forces for five years and eleven months. I volunteered for service in peacetime and served through the greater part of the war. During that time I was a prisoner of war in two different prison camps in Germany. I was captured in the Bulge, December 19, 1944, and was liberated March 30, 1945. During the time of imprisonment I saw and know what Nazis were and what they stood for. I believe that I know what a communist is and what the Reds stand for. Some people may think that it's a joke to have to sign a non-communistic affidavit, but to me it's a bum joke and a very rotten one at that.

Our so great lawmakers should have a taste of their own rotten medicine and see how it settles within their own Constitution. They would be the very first and very loudest to scream.

Melvin L. Stoner  
2001 E. Pine  
Enid, Oklahoma

▼ This communication was held out of pre-election issues of the magazine because some parts of the Taft-Hartley Law were issues in the presidential campaign. However, it is our opinion that very few Legionnaires will agree with Mr. Stoner concerning the section he has cited. He could sign that section with an absolutely clear conscience, and we think he should do so.

Editors

### LEGION ELIGIBILITY

My son is a member of the American Legion and I have Army Service from November 11, 1919 to August 31, 1921.

Would I be eligible for membership in The American Legion?

Chester R. Eye  
St. Joseph, Mo.

▼ If your discharge shows you were in service on November 11, 1918 you are eligible for Legion membership. Effective dates for Legion membership are April 6, 1917 to November 11, 1918; December 7, 1941 to September 2, 1945, all dates inclusive.

Editors

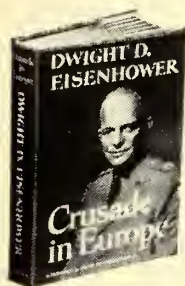




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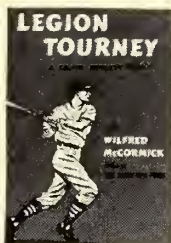
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By Wilfred McCormick \$2.00

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The book comes to a thrilling climax, as Bronc Burnett uses all his ability



On these pages are listed books which interpret American life in terms of today. By filling out the form given at the bottom of the opposite page, and enclosing check or money order, you can get any of the books listed. Watch out next month for reviews of other books of current interest. The history of the outfit with which you served may be ready.

THE EDITORS

and baseball know-how to clinch the championship after a disheartening start.

Legion Tourney will make a wonderful Christmas gift for any teen age boy, and adults will find it a valuable textbook on baseball as it is played in the big leagues.

### I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED

By Robert C. Ruark

Robert C. Ruark, whose syndicated column raises more general hell than any ten men have a right to, has written another book

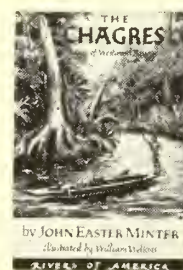
on subjects ranging from the National Association of Bed Manufacturers to "Dear Puzzled: Drop Dead." Yours for only .....\$2.50



### THE CHAGRES

River of Westward Passage

By John Easter Minter, \$4.00



John Easter Minter was assigned to Panama as a paratrooper during the war. He emerged from a jump in 1942 with 27 fractures, a punctured lung, and a paralyzed leg.

Hobbling around on crutches, he decided to use up some of his borrowed time in tracking down the story of the Chagres River. He had remarkable material to work with, and he has turned out a fascinating book.

Most Americans can identify the Chagres as the river which provides most of the waters and part of the channel for the Panama Canal. Its peculiar function gives it an equally peculiar distinction; it is the only river in the world whose waters run into both oceans.

Not quite so well known is the spectacular history of the years which preceded the building of the Canal. Minter tells of the exciting days of Spanish rule, and the phenomenal growth of the city of Chagres during the days of the California gold rush.

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DEC/48



# PARTING SHOTS

## HIT PARADE

*You can't buy brains  
Nor wit with money,  
But a rich man's joke  
Is always funny.*

— BY DON MARSHALL

## SETTLED OUT OF COURT

It came as quite a surprise to the household of a western Legion Post commander when the maid of all work, Hester, announced that she had been married the night before. The groom was several years her junior, popular and good looking — but trifling and prone to drink.

So the mistress was not particularly surprised when Hester came in one morning looking considerably the worse for wear.

"That no-account man of mine beat me last night," she explained sheepishly.

"You poor thing," consoled her employer. "I'll call the police and send them down to arrest him right away."

"If you please," protested the bride, "I'd rather you wouldn't do that. I ain't got the money to pay his fine."

— BY WESLEY GARFIELD

## VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

*It smarts to be thrifty . . .*

— BY PETE SIMER

## THIS WAY OUT

*In all of this nation no vacancy sign;  
Your people don't want us, we can't live with mine;  
We can't find a cabin, we don't want a tent,  
Nor is there an empty garage we may rent.  
No hencoop available and, after dark,  
We'd feel rather strange in a pasture or park.  
No hovel, no hallroom, not even a closet —  
I'll take the ring back, dear, and get my deposit.*

— BY WILLIAM W. PRATT

## ALL HAIL, THE SALE

*Prices are very peculiar,  
I've never yet seen it to fail,  
They silently move up a dollar,  
When they go down a dime, it's a SALE.*

— BY HARRY LAZARUS

## BY DEFINITION

A couple whose new home was completed very recently had hardly moved in before the neighbors came over to inspect it. Naturally, the conversation was on the subject of the house.

"It's very nice," commented one visitor, "but, really, I don't see why you call this type house a bungalow."

"Well," explained the owner, "we just don't know what else to call it. The job was a bungle, and we still owe for it!"

— BY WEBB GARRISON

## THE PAUSE THAT DOESN'T REFRESH

*Roughest on the inner ear drum,  
May I remark with candor,  
Is the after-dinner speaker  
Bridging every gap with and-er.*

— BY RUTH CHRISTIANSEN

## GRUB

*Were you brought up on oysters, steaks  
and chops,*

*And did you cut your teeth on artichokes?*

*Did youthful board include expensive crops*

*Not harvested by ordinary folks,  
Or were you one not heralded at birth,  
A son of those who budgeted their cash,  
And trained to know the true digestive worth*

*Of oatmeal mush and fragrant make-shift hash?*

*Today with everything so thinly sliced,  
And menu prices priced the way they're priced,*

*A lucky man is one of meager means  
Who in his youth was taught to relish beans.*

— BY WALLACE STRANG

## NO REST FOR THE LAZY

*When I am planning how to ditch  
My daily duties, here's the hitch,  
I find the tiresome job of shirking  
Much harder work than really working.*

— BY TED WESTGATE

## P. O. W.

After the Guadalcanal campaign, an Army unit which had been in action for several months was sent back to Brisbane, Australia, for rest. There a prominent manufacturer threw open the grounds of his estate to the Yanks, and invited them to what might have been termed a king-size buffet supper.

"Treat it like you treat the Japs," the host told his guests casually, waving toward tables that groaned under a massive collection of food and drink.

Later, he saw a GI attempting to cram a bottle of wine into his pocket.

"I say, old boy," said the host, good-naturedly, "what are you doing?"

"Well, you said we should treat this stuff like it was Japs," the unabashed GI replied. "Me, I'm taking a prisoner."

— BY EDGAR WILLIAMS

## LAB ANALYSIS

An Army doctor, sending a patient to the laboratory for a urinalysis examination hastily wrote the following words on the request blank: "Request Urinalysis for furlough." In due time the slip arrived back: "No furlough found. Shows evidence of three-day pass."

— BY ALAN WHITE

## FOLLOWING SUIT

*I've searched through the store and at last found a suit*

*That's just what I've wanted, a knock-out, a beaut,  
With fabric that's sturdy, a flattering shade,  
And a cut that is neither too sporty nor staid.*

*Then why don't I buy it—at least ask the price —*

*If I think it's so perfect, so utterly nice?  
The one suit that suits, and at which I am staring,*

*Is the suit, as it happens, the salesman is wearing!*

— BY RICHARD ARMOUR



*"I have no children. Just my aged parents live with me."*

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



# The Idea that became a Christmas tradition:



**We don't mean** hanging up mistletoe  
...(although that can be a very rewarding  
idea).



**We don't mean** a holly wreath ...  
(although it wouldn't be Christmas with-  
out one).



**We don't even mean** sending Christ-  
mas cards...(although that's a good way  
to let friends know you wish them well).



## **We do mean this:**

If you're wondering what's the best way  
to say "Merry Christmas!" to *special*  
friends on your gift list ...

... say it with a bottle or so of *Four Roses!*

So many people give Four Roses for  
Christmas nowadays that it's become sort  
of a holiday custom—and well it might be.

This matchless whiskey—so softly mel-  
low and distinctive in flavor—is a gift that  
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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

## Prince Albert

*Smoking Tobacco*



The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, Prince Albert is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.